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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE PANJAB, AFGHANISTAN, &c.

Travels in the Panjab, Afghanistan, and Turkistan, to Balk, Bokhara, and Herat, &c. By Mohan Lal, Esq., Knight of the Persian Order of the Lion and Sun; lately attached to the Mission at Kabul. 8vo, pp. 528. London, W. H. Allen and Co.

This volume involves a good deal of individual memoir, and refers very much, in an Eastern sort of way, to the personal doings and position of the author. Some of the East Indian press has most unceremoniously and bitterly assailed him, denying his services, and, in short, describing him as a mere humbugging and impudent adventurer. Such charges might call for a defence; and it seems hardly possible to read the work now before us without feeling that he has made out a good case for himself, besides bringing forward the concurrent testimony in his favour of many living witnesses of the most unimpeachable character, who might contradict him if he asserted any thing false. Whether Mahometan or Hindu, or having only one wife or half-a-dozen, is little to the purpose; but that he is not the impostor represented in the newspapers to which we have alluded, is, we think, very clearly demonstrated.

The Indian press, indeed, we may observe, *en passant*, is of the unrestrained libertine order, and often disregards the bounds which limit its European brethren. We are inclined to attribute some of the evils and losses of the war on the Sutlej to its revelations and remarks. The military intelligence, in particular, which it publishes so minutely and so regularly, must have been of essential service to the Sikh leaders, conveying intelligence of the force and station of every regiment in the service. How important such information must be to an enemy, and how useless for any other object, need not be pointed out, and we are rather surprised that any government should allow the publication of statements so likely to injure the dearest interests of the empire. But this by the way; and we turn over the leaves of Mohan Lal's book, only premising further of that gentleman that we have met him in society, and found him to be a very well-informed and agreeable person, combining Oriental with English manners, and evincing in every respect the advantages of good breeding, a knowledge of the world, and a right feeling for the usages not only of civilised but of highly polished life.

Part of his present journal was kept during his travels with Sir Alexander Burnes in Turkistan, and published in India; for which reason, as well as in consideration of our having had the more perfect version of that lamented traveller himself, we forbear from entering upon its details. The Afghanistan affairs and disasters are promised in another work, and only slightly touched on here. We are told, however:

"In the mean time, affairs in Kabul afforded no promise of an undisturbed peace, and this induced Sir W. Macnaghten and Sir A. Burnes to reply to my application for leave, that I could not be spared that year (1840). After the surrender of the Amir, Dost Mohammed Khan, there was much heavy business on my hands in translating the numerous documents which we discovered relating to the dreadful intrigues of the different chiefs against us. On the 24 November, 1841, an outbreak took place in Kabul. My house, Capt. Johnson's, and that of Sir A. Burnes, were attacked and plundered first of all, and Sir Alexander was murdered. I was taken by the rebels, and would have been out to

pieces, had the good Nawab Mohammed Zaman Khan not saved me, and conducted me himself to the Persian quarters, Chaudaul, where I remained unmolested for a long period. For the safety of my person, and the comforts I enjoyed in the house of my hospitable friends, Khan Shirin Khan and Sultan Mohammed Khan, I am deeply indebted to them, as well as to Nayab Shereef; and Mir Abu Talib Ali Reza Khan, Captain Johnson's gomastah in the commissariat, called upon me several times, and offered me his services, while the Envoy was alive. He lent me 5000 rupees, for public expenses, which were repaid to him by Sir W. Macnaghten. While under the protection of my host, I was frequently in the greatest danger, when Aminullah Khan, and other rebel chiefs, came with armed men, and insisted upon the Persians delivering me to them; but as long as the chiefs were divided, and each of them considered himself to be the principal, I was secure, and I contrived to negotiate with the chiefs, and to correspond with Sir George Pollock.

"On the 22d of June, 1842, when Mohammed Akbar had subdued all the chiefs, he kept Khan Shirin Khan, and sent Mirza Ismah Vardi to seize me at his house. The party rushed in, but having been forewarned of their intention, I wrote a line with a pencil on a piece of paper to convey information to the government of my being apprehended, and begging Sir George Pollock to advance upon Kabul immediately. Mohammed Akbar tortured me, and extorted money from me, which was afterwards repaid to me by Lord Ellenborough. I suffered most dreadfully while I was in the charge of Mulla Jalal. However, encouraged by the approbation I received from the Governor-General's letters, as well as those of Sir George Pollock, Sir Richmond Shakespear, and Major Macgregor, after the assassination of the Envoy, I strove the more to carry on negotiations with the various chiefs for the release of the prisoners; and for this purpose I continued my correspondence with them secretly. Through the favour of Divine Providence, I was never detected, though a prisoner and always suspected. While I was rendering these services to the state, none of the British prisoners, excepting poor Capt. John Conolly, Capt. Drummond, Capt. Mackenzie, and Major Pottinger, had the slightest notion of my proceedings. In fact, I never boasted of what I was doing, nor stated a word of it to any of them, as it would have availed me nothing, while great secrecy was necessary on every point. My sole object was to render service to the British State, which has acknowledged and rewarded my services. When I succeeded in my negotiations with Salah Mohammed Khan for the liberation of the English prisoners, I contrived my own escape from the prison of Mohammed Akbar Khan, and took up my quarters under the Afshar fort, supported by a large body of Persian cavalry. Akbar was routed, and compelled to fly into Turkistan by Ghorband."

We may note, that the Indian newspapers before mentioned have utterly denied the truth of these facts, and especially of the latter, connected with the release of the English captives. But Mohan Lal reasserts the claim, and says, "Our liberation was accomplished through the manifest interposition of Divine Providence, which made my humble negotiation successful, and suddenly changed the disposition of the chief man of our guard in our favour."

A memoir of the author, by Mr. Trevelyan*

* Originally published in India, 1834.

of the Treasury, gives a pleasant account of his parentage, early years, education, and employments in the East, beginning, as youth must do, in humble capacities. The chief event is thus related:

"Not to mention minor instances, Mohan Lal was honoured with the particular notice of Abbas Mirza, the late lamented prince royal of Persia. On the great day of Id-ul-Fatar, all the nobles of his court came to pay their respects to his highness, who was graciously pleased to summon Mohan Lal, by special invitation, to witness the pageant. When the first ceremonies had been brought to a close, and the nobles, after presenting their offerings, had taken their places in the darbar, his highness turned towards Mohan Lal, and asked him, as he had seen both, whether Ranjit Singh's court could vie in magnificence with what he now saw before him, or whether the Sikh army could compare in discipline and courage with his highness's army? To this Mohan Lal modestly, but firmly, replied, that Maharajah Ranjit Singh's darbar-tent was made of Kashmir shawls, and that even the floor was composed of the same costly material; and as for his army, if Sardar Hari Singh (Ranjit's commander-in-chief on the Afghan frontier) were to cross the Indus, his highness would soon be glad to make good his retreat to his original government in Tabriz. The terms in which this reply was conceived, and the tone of voice in which it was delivered, were so indicative of frankness, that no idea of an impropriety having been committed occurred to anybody; yet the free expression of opinion was a thing so unheard-of at the Persian court, that the entire audience stood waiting in silent expectation for his highness's reply. This was not long delayed, and, as nearly as the recollection of our informant serves, it was as follows:—'Wonderful, wonderful!' said Abbas Mirza, drawing the attention of the court towards Mohan Lal; 'see the effect of English education!' and, after a short pause, he continued—'How inscrutable are the decrees of Providence, which has conferred so much power on a kafir (infidel); but if Ali, the Lion of God, favour us, we will yet plant our standard in Kashmir, and dress all our surbazes in shawl pantaloons.' On his departure from Mashad, Mohan Lal was distinguished by his royal highness by the gift of the order of the Lion and Sun; and since the premature decease of that truly noble prince, this mark of his good opinion has acquired additional value."

The volume traverses a vast extent of countries,—Delhi, Peshawer, Kabul, Balk, Bokhara, Mashad, Herat, Candahar, &c. &c.,—in various missions; and a map, with the routes of the most remarkable parts, as well as a portrait of the author, bring the whole as visible as possibly before the eye and mind of the reader. Throughout there is a considerable display of that Eastern flattery which Sam Slick has denominated soft sodder in another hemisphere; and the whole is rather strictly a journal of incidents that occurred from place to place, and of the length and circumstances of journeys than what could be, in a broader sense, called travels. There are nevertheless many interesting anecdotes of people of mark in these regions, and brief descriptions not destitute of worth in literary, geographical, and topographical points of view. We could have desired more of the present seat of war; but there is hardly enough to justify the title-page of the book. The East India Company have, it is stated, pensioned the author; and our Queen, as well as the King of Prussia, have honourably received

[Enlarged 13.]

and noticed him. It is thus Orientally he speaks of these matters:

"March 5.—Mr. (now Sir Emerson) Tennent wrote a very kind note, stating that the Earl of Ripon, president of the India Board, had a high opinion of my humble services; but that as the result of my claims was pending upon the decision of the court of directors and his lordship, it would be advisable that I should be presented to her Majesty through some channel independent of government. It was therefore that the noble and benevolent Lord Ashley took me in his carriage, and presented me to her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. I was also invited to her Majesty's ball in Buckingham Palace. The court was very full, and the rooms exceedingly warm. All the ministers of state, the foreign ambassadors, and the nobility and gentry of England, in their different costumes, bowing and passing before her Majesty, exhibited a magnificent sight; but the rooms are not well adapted, nor sufficiently spacious. The drawing-rooms of her Majesty, where all the ladies are presented, exhibit a great profusion of beauty, of rich dresses and jewels. The royal balls are beyond any thing of the kind in the world. One who is as fortunate as myself to be invited, will see an assembly of noble ladies with charming countenances, and elegant robes covered with diamonds, joining in the dance, which, although dazzling, yet becomes brighter and more beautiful when her Majesty and her royal consort Prince Albert take part in the dance. In so large a company the Queen appeared to me the most graceful in the dance, smiling and looking now and then graciously towards her royal husband. I kept my humble eyes unweariedly fixed upon her Majesty and the Prince while they were dancing; and I read with inexpressible delight in their countenances that they have a deep attachment to each other.—I submitted to the Court of Directors a memorial of my services while employed by the supreme government of India, in Central Asia, and in various diplomatic missions and capacities. The chairman and court, in conjunction with the president of the Board of Control, took an impartial view of my statement, and granted me a reward for my services. The chairman added, that as I was yet a young person, I should have many other opportunities of establishing further claims by good services to the honourable company; and when I get old, or retire, the government would take all my services into reconsideration, and reward me accordingly. All the authorities at the India House and the Board of Control, after a full consideration of my case, treated me with marked kindness, and admitted me to an interview whenever I desired it. For these favours I beg to tender my humble and grateful thanks to these high authorities. Mr. George Clerk honoured me with his visit; and as he knew my services, he stated that 'I fully deserved the reward government gave me.' It would be tedious to mention the names of the gentlemen and ladies who have been attentive to me, and to describe the unceasing kindness, civilities, and support I received from them. There are many noblemen, naval, military, and civil officers, here and in India, who have shewn me the highest consideration. • •

"The manners, customs, life, and modes of society in England are of an elegant and refined style. No country takes such pains in cultivating knowledge, and no parents are so desirous of rendering their children accomplished, by expense and anxious care, as those of Britain. They ask and find out from a son his taste and wish, and educate him to meet the duties of the profession he chooses, whether in civil life, in the law, navy, army, or whatever it may be; and then, using their best influence, will have him launched into the world. They never expect his support themselves; the only thing wanted afterwards from the son is, that he should prosper. The girls are brought up under the careful eyes of their mother; and when they are accomplished in languages and manners, the parents spare no expense or fatigue to introduce

them into society, where they have a difficult office to perform. The young lady must have agreeable manners, and be able to sing, dance, and read, write, and speak French, if not other foreign languages. The parents give parties, and invite all their fashionable acquaintance, and feel proud if their daughter wins the heart of a respectable person. But, alas, these accomplishments, added to miracles of beauty, are considered matters of secondary value: the lady must have money for her husband, or have a prospect that he will have it when the parents die! In all the Asiatic countries, if a woman remains unmarried after her proper age, she is looked upon and respected as a saint; and this is very rare, too; but England will astonish Asiatics by producing thousands of saints, or unmarried ladies of mature age, bearing the name of 'Miss,' and wearing the dress and ornaments of a young lady of fifteen years of age. When I first arrived in England, I felt myself in an awkward position, when addressing an old lady by the name of 'Miss,' and using the same word to a younger one, who looked like the grand-daughter of the older lady. When people talk of marriage, the first question is, 'Has she money?' A gentleman will dance with and flatter many ladies in parties; but he will prefer and marry the one who has or will have most money, even though she be ugly and not accomplished. In this case, the lady is sensible that she has no charms but those of her bank-notes; and yet the rule of society keeps all these things buried in the hearts of the newly married, and their style of addressing and of writing to each other will be just as if mutual love had wrought upon each other's mind. Age, also, is not considered a matter of consequence, if he or she be rich. Yet there are many instances of true affection, and of happy marriages."

And in conclusion: "Before I add 'finis' to these pages, I repeat my apologies for errors, and beg pardon from those gentlemen and ladies of whom I have spoken in this book, if they do not approve of it. This I have merely done to shew my grateful remembrance of their kindness."

SCRIPTURAL ANTIQUITIES.

Eight Dissertations on certain connected Prophetic Passages of Holy Scripture, bearing more or less upon the Promise of a Mighty Deliverer. By G. Stanley Faber, B.D. &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Seeley, Burnside, and Seeley.

NEARLY thirty years ago, it is stated, the far larger portion of this work was written, and the grand question of the Millennium as thoroughly canvassed as the author's powers allowed. It is far beyond our limit to treat of the apostatic confederacy of nations, or the apocalyptic epoch, the premillennarian system, or the universal conflagration. We can fix no date for such events! Nor can we pretend to discover their particular circumstances!

Indeed, we merely advert to the work as it is a literary duty to record any publication of so much importance; and to give a brief glance at some of the author's theories on points rather classical and historical than theological, contained in an appendix occupying two-thirds of the last volume. In this way he learnedly treats of the Cuthic Pali or Paltim or Shepherd-Kings, who, he asserts, first conquered Egypt about six hundred years before the birth of Abraham. All their movements, battles, marches, conquests, and transitions, he details as minutely as we are accustomed to have the campaigns of our own times circumstantially gazetted. The whole is in a graver tone than that which is obvious in the extracts of our review of Mussulman Legends; but whether better founded or not, we cannot determine. The Phenicians next come under discussion. Mr. Faber, both from the positive and negative testimony of antiquity, denies that they were Canaanites. He also disputes Sir Isaac Newton's theory that they were Edomites driven from the shores of the Red Sea; and holds them to have been Ethiopians or Cushim, and from the Persian Gulf. The Turseni and Pelagi are then traced,

and a notion may be formed of the style and argument from the following quotation:

"Since, by double descent, the Turseni were Pelagi or Falli or Paltim, and since these royal shepherds themselves were members of the great house of Cush; we naturally look for their early Oriental habitation in some part of the primeval empire of the aspiring Nimrod: nor, unless I be greatly mistaken, shall we be disappointed in our search. 1. Babel, we are told, was the beginning of that chieftain's kingdom; and when he retired from Babel, driven away by some miraculous expression of God's wrath, he went forth (as the Hebrew teaches us, when it is rightly translated) into the region upon the Tigris afterward denominated *Ashur* or *Assyria*. There, consequently, was the continuance of his kingdom; and there, as its capital, he built Nineveh. He was likewise the founder of three other dependent cities in the same district; Rehoboth, and Calah, and Resen; which last is described as being a great city. Gen. x. 8-12. In this great city, *Resen*, I look for both the national title and the ancient dwelling-place of the Turseni: at least, of that portion of them who finally migrated from Egypt and Phenicia, and who, from their superior civilisation, may well be thought to have imposed their own tribal appellation upon the whole united community."

"2. That remarkable people were accustomed to distinguish themselves by the name of *Raseni* or *Rasena*. But whence did they derive this name! In exact accordance with their Cuthic lineage and their progress to the Persian Gulf before they reached Palestine and Egypt, I think it highly probable that they borrowed their national title from the Cuthic city *Resen* or *Rasaina*. Here, apparently, they were first tribally planted, when Nimrod and his baffled Cuthim migrated from Babel to Ashur: and from this place, when overstocked by increasing population, a body of them seem to have set out in quest of fresh habitation, which adventure finally brought them to Tuscan by way of Palestine and Egypt. Their leaders appear to have borne the official titles of *Tur-Rasen* and *Tur-Chon*; which will import, by way of eminence, *The Tower-Rasen* and *The Tower-Priest*, just as, by way of eminence also, the regal title was sometimes simply *Pallas*, or *Philitia*, or *Pelagus*, or *The Shepherd*: and these two official titles, *Tur-Rasen* and *Tur-Chon*, were, I apprehend, for a time handed down conjointly to the two lines of their respective successors. While the offices expressed by the titles remained distinct, the *Tur-Rasen* was the military head of the Leucumons or Nobles, and the *Tur-Chon* was the sacerdotal head of the Augurs or Priests. This arrangement would perfectly agree with the two characters of the two allied brethren Cush and Phut: and it is worthy of note that Lycophron makes Tarchon and Turseni to be two brothers sprung from the blood of Hercules; or, in other words, claiming to be Heliadæ and Heliadæ. Lycoph. Alex. ver. 1248, 1249. The two offices, however, were subsequently united in one person, after the mode of Virgil's *Rex idem Anius Phœbique Sacerdos*; for the Pagan high-priesthood was by no means inconsistent with military command: and then we lose all sight of the *Tur-Rasen*; though from this title has manifestly been derived the compound gentile name of *Tur-Raseni*, or contractively *Turseni*. After the *Turseni*, as we read in Strabo, has directed the *Turchi*, doubtless with all the religious ceremonial of antiquity, to found the twelve states of original Etruria, we hear no more of him, at least under that title: and the *Tarchon* or *Tower-Priest* (whence the city *Tarquini* and the Roman dynasty of *Tarquini*) henceforth appears alone upon the stage both as *Lar* or *King*, and as *High-Priest* or *Pontifex* (a notion preserved in the *Rex Sacrifcarius* of even the king-hating republican Romans); thus acting as the chief or *Pendragon*, military no less than sacerdotal, of the federal *Rasenic* monarchy. Strab. Geog. lib. v. p. 211. Some additional light is thrown upon this part of the subject, by an inci-

dental remark word *Turisi* the sense of the *Turseni* builders of 12009. *Tur* is not a wall. *Tur* or *Tur* opposite is entered into because the entered in Babel, after "3. Por a regal title the latter *Tur* or *Tur* Resen, so the sequent do in Egypt. is, the *Præ* need scarce the *San*, at retic punc Egyptian might belo "4. On divine law their bett carries the on the sh calls it) God Dage Oancea, thren S their lat Again was not under to engr abomin ginally every p grand d the plan be the c promise incarnat rod, was thus cla Berber, barlot S working the Spi and the ligentia Mater (degal O it. dist. "Sat turans, the nam voured devoted appropri can be agency to be to be Three, he was spring his w Etrur with s grated vourin Etrus Janus ship that ing c deriv the 229.

dental remark of Tzetzes. Commenting upon the word *Tursi* employed by Lycophon, he gives it the sense of a wall; and derives it from the name of the *Turseni*, because they were the reputed first builders of a wall. Schol. in Lycoph. Alex. ver. 1203. *Tursi*, however, whence the Latin *Turris*, is not a wall, but a tower: and instead of the radical *Tur* or *Tor* being derived from *Turseni*, the precise opposite is the truth; for the primitive word *Tur* entered into the composition of the word *Turseni*, because the Cuthic *Raseni* of Nimrod were concerned in building the first tower, even that of Babel, after the deluge.

"3. *Porsenna*, like *Tarchon*, seems to have been a regal title, rather than a proper name: and as the latter part of it marks the emigration from *Reem*, so the former part of it indicates the subsequent dominance of the Rasenic shepherd-kings in Egypt. I take *Porsenna* to be *Prah-Rasena*, that is, the *Prah* or *Pharaoh* of the *Raseni*. Perhaps I need scarcely observe, that *Prah* or *Prah*, denoting the *Sun*, and expressed *Pharaoh* purely by masoretic punctuation, was the standing title of the Egyptian sovereigns to whatever dynasty they might belong.

"4. On the other hand, *Tages*, the mysterious divine lawgiver of the *Turseni*, connects them with their brethren the Philistines and Phœnicians, and carries them back to their intermediate settlement on the shores of the Erythrean Gulf or (as Justin calls it) Assyrian Lake. *Tages* is *Dag-Esa* or *The God Dagon*: and he coincides with the *Odacon* or *Oannes*, who emerged from the waters of the Erythrean Sea, and delivered to the Cuthim of Babel their laws and ordinances."

Again: "Gnosticism, in strictness of speech, was not so much a Christian heresy, as an attempt, under a pretence of superior *gnosis* or knowledge, to engraft upon Christianity, with its vile practical abominations, the scheme of apostate theology, originally concocted at Babel, and thence carried to every part of the globe in one or other of its two grand divisions Buddhism and Ionism. This was the plan of Simon Magus. He gave himself out to be the Great Filial Power of God, who had been promised in the beginning, and who, after repeated incarnations in Noah and Ham and Cush and Nimrod, was then incarnate in himself: while, as he thus claimed to be the Son or the transmigrating *Perihor*, so, with horrible impiety, he declared his harlot *Selene* or *Barbero* to be the Holy Ghost; working, probably, upon the rabbinical notion that the Spirit, as the Intelligence of God, is *female*, and thence is the universal *Imma* or *Mother*. Intelligentia Divina, quæ est Spiritus Sanctus, vocatur *Mater* (*Imma*) in Zohar. Joseph de Voisin Burdgal Observ. in Raymond. Martin. Pug. Fid. par. iii. dist. i. c. 4. p. 500.

"*Satur* is the god whom the Latins called *Saturnus*, and whom the Phœnicians venerated under the name of *Moloch*. He was reported to have devoured his children; whence, I suppose, the horrible devotion of infants by fire was deemed his most appropriate sacrifice. That he was Noah, there can be no reasonable doubt: for Noah, through the agency of the deluge, devoured all mankind; said to be his children, because he himself was deemed to be transmigratively the same person as Adam. Three, however, of his sons survived: and hence he was reported to be the father of a triple offspring, among whom he divided the whole world. His worship seems to have been brought into Etruria by the Pallid *Turseni*, who, in company with some of their brethren the Phœnicians, emigrated from Egypt: and his character, as the devouring *Moloch*, is emphatically exhibited by his Etruscan title of *Tina* or *Fire*. Hence Ovid makes *Janus* account for the ancient veneration of the ship which appeared on the reverse of the coin that displayed his own two-headed effigies, by saying that *Satur*, after he had performed a wonderful voyage round the world, sailed in a ship to the mouth of the Tuscan river. Ovid. Fast. i. 229-246. *Satur* and his sacred ship are the same

as *Oairis* or *Isis*, or as *Thammuz* and *Astoreth*: and *Janus* himself, looking with his aged face to the old world, and with his young face to the new world, is, by the *theocrasia*, the same as *Satur*.

"*Satur* is one of those barbaric names which we are admonished not to change: It is clearly Oriental: for it is identical with the *Satya* of the Hindoos, and with the *Seatur* of the *Asæ* or *Goths*. Virgil, though he has marred the history, has led us to the true import of the word. He tells us that *Satur*, on his arrival in Italy, conferred upon a part of the country the name of *Latium*, because he had there lain hid from the rebellious arms of *Jupiter*. *Æneid*. viii. 319-323. The real concealment of Noah was in the Ark, that famous floating island of the blessed, which ultimately became fixed by its adherence to the other reputed island of the blessed, the sea-encircled, top of *Ararat* or *Olympus*. From this circumstance of his concealment, he was called *Satur*, or *The Hidden One*: for, in the primeval Hebrew or Chaldean, which had a close affinity to the Phœnician, the verb *satur* signifies to hide. It is worthy of note, that, as the ultimate fixture of the sacred floating island appears in the Greek legend of *Delos*, so here again, in the appellation of *Leto* or *Latona*, we still encounter the idea of concealment. I strongly suspect that, at the bottom, *Latinus* himself, the ancient fabled king of *Latium*, is, like *Janus*, the same person as *Satur*: for the word *Latin* is purely a translation of the word *Satur*, each alike denoting *The Hidden One*."

Proceeding onward, the author contends that the Mexicans, the ancient inhabitants of Yucatan, and other people of Central America, are Phœnicians; and for the Negro race, he thinks it probable "that, in the first instance, the colouring fluid of the negro was a disease inflicted upon some remote progenitor or some collective body of progenitors; the symptom of the disease subsequently remaining, when the disease itself had been removed."

Mr. Faber criticises several modern writers.—such as Sir W. Betham, Mrs. Gray, Mr. Jones, &c. &c.; but seems to reserve his weightiest arguments for the author of *Nimrod*, of whose work and learning the *Literary Gazette* spoke in terms of much eulogy. Him he combats à l'outrance both respecting *Cain* and *Lamech*; and also in regard to *Ham*, his reasoning about whom he charges the author of *Nimrod* with intemperately misrepresenting. On this subject he says:

"My whole train of argument, repeated in the second of these dissertations, ran, as its necessity required, upon the sole question, Whether *Ham* did or did not morally offend as respects the charge which is commonly brought against him? And my conclusion was, that, on that point at least, he was innocent; his son *Canaan* being the sole morally offending person, and thence, most justly and consistently, being the sole person laid under a *penally* prophetic curse.

"With respect to my pronouncing *Ham* a *righteous* person, I most assuredly have done no such thing. If I had, I should have fallen into the besetting fault of our ingenious author, that of assertion without authority. We know nothing certain about the matter either one way or the other. Scripture is profoundly silent on the subject; and it is dangerous to rest the broad assertion of *Ham's* desperate wickedness, as the author of *Nimrod* does, either upon apocryphal tales or upon the vagueness of gentle fables, when the confounding together the father and the son was such a very easy result from mythic tradition. So far, indeed, as mere probability is concerned, I think it likely enough that *Ham* was a less truly religious character than either of his brothers; but be this as it may, his *righteousness* or his *unrighteousness* was a point wholly irrelevant to the matter in hand. The question solely respected the quality of a particular act: and our author, exhibiting a scarcely pardonable *Ignoratio Elenchi*, has furnished me with no argumentative reason why I should relin-

quish my belief, itself founded upon argument, that *here* *Ham* was an unoffending person.

"However, while I am on the additional topic of general character to which the learned gentleman has invited me, I may be allowed to introduce a few remarks derived from our sole authentic source of information. Bad as the character of *Ham* may possibly have become after the deluge (though, in truth, we know nothing about the matter), it is difficult to believe that, before the deluge, and even during the deluge, he was the impious and depraved and hardened individual that the author of *Nimrod* would make him. This writer asserts, and requires us, on his assertion, to believe, that *Ham* received certain nefarious orgies from the three sons of the *Cainite* *Lamech*; and that he deliberately introduced them into the postdiluvian world for the purpose of making the restored world as corrupt as the destroyed world. Where did he get his information? I suppose he has been ransacking the legends of the church and the wild fabrications of heresy; from which, with sundry improvements of his own, and various embellishments derived from Paganism and Rabbism, he has built up, to be received by us as indubitable truth, his very singular romance. * * *

"All that we know about these three persons is: that, respectively, and so far forth innocently for any thing recorded to the contrary, they were, a scented breeder of cattle, a skilful musician, and an ingenious artisan in brass and iron. And analogously, all that we know about *Ham* is, that he was one of the three sons of Noah; that, as a member of the sole faithful family upon earth, he was, with its other members, preserved in the ark; that although he beheld his father in an unseemly position, no curse was laid upon him; and that his descendants, save in the line of the accursed *Canaan*, were the eminently prosperous founders of great empires, and so far from being servants of their brethren, have rather in all ages been their lords. Under such circumstances, what right has the author of *Nimrod* to prefer the present accusation either against *Ham* or against the three sons of *Lamech*?"

These quotations will suffice to indicate the nature of this singular book; much of which we acknowledge is above our comprehension, and not a little insufficiently demonstrated for our belief. It is nevertheless a production of great curiosity and immense learning.

MRS. CHILD'S AMERICAN LETTERS.

Letters from New York. Second Series. By L. Maria Child. Pp. 237. London, Wiley and Putnam; New York, Francis and Co.

THERE is a great variety of matter in these pages, and so miscellaneous that to classify it according to any order is out of the question. Mrs. Child is a popular writer, and religion, politics, education, romance, history, passing events,—in short, every thing, and any thing else besides, seem to come with like facility under her pen. In these Letters, for example, we have discussed, Christmas and the principles of peace, Ole Bul heard for the first time, and the vast significance of music, the nymph *Crotons*, reminiscences of a former state of existence, mnemonics, Mammoth cave, Valentine's day, story of an umbrella-girl and Lord Henry Stuart, the Arts' Union, steamboat excursions, &c. &c. Of these, a few samples may be quoted. The musicomania seems at least equal to the rage for dancers, authors, or other novelties. Mrs. C. says:

"An eloquent writer, who publishes under the fictitious signature of John Waters, describes his first impressions of Liszt's piano-playing with an enthusiasm that would doubtless seem very ridiculous to many who listened to the same sounds. He says, that 'with blow after blow upon the instrument, with his whole force, he planted large columnar masses of sound, like the Giant's Causeway. The instrument rained, hailed, thundered, moaned, whistled, shrieked, round those basaltic columns, in every cry that the tempest can utter in its wild-

est paroxysms of wrath. * * * Then we were borne along through countless beauties of rock, and sky, and foliage, to a grotto, by the side of which was a fountain that seemed one of the eyes of the earth, so large and darkly brilliant was it, so deep and so serene. Here we listened to the voices rather than the songs of birds, when the music by degrees diminished, then fluttered and ceased. A lady, to whom he spoke of the concert, acknowledged that the sounds had brought up very similar pictures in her soul; but probably not ten of the large audience listened in such a spirit."

We should think not; but Mrs. C. herself gets impassioned into poetry about our old friend Ole Bul:

"As on a harp with golden strings,
All nature breathes through thee,
And with her thousand voices sings
The infinite and free.

Of beauty she is lavish ever;
Her urn is always full;
But to our earth she giveth never
Another Ole Bul."

Speaking of animals and the cruelty practised on horses in cities where they are over-worked, the writer proceeds to say:

"In beautiful contrast with such scenes, I thought of the example of the Quakers. Blessed is the lot of animals that come under the care of that friendly sect. A Quaker meeting-house may be known at a glance, by the ample and comfortable provision made for horses. Their domestic animals usually fall into their own sleek, quiet, and regular ways. No bell indicates the hour for Quaker-worship; but I have known their horses to walk off, of their own accord, when the family were detained at home by any unusual occurrence. They would go at exactly the right hour, stand at the meeting-house door a few minutes, and then leisurely walk into the adjoining shed. When the people came out, they would go up to the door, and stand awhile, with faces turned homeward; then would they quietly trot back to their barn, apparently well satisfied with the silent meeting. This assimilation of dumb creatures to their masters is by no means uncommon. I have seen a horse, all life and spirit, carrying his head erect, and stepping freely, while he belonged to a dashing blade; but when he passed into the hands of a country clergyman, he soon became one of the most demure, jogg-trotting creatures imaginable. There is a continual transmission from the spirit of man to all things beneath him. Glimpses of its effects are so far visible in this world, that an observing eye may perceive the prevailing character of a person in his house and equipage, the arrangements of his room, and still more in the appearance and deportment of children and animals. In another world, correspondence between the outward and inward will doubtless be so perfect, that a man's character may be read at once in the things around him. There, the pure only can wear pearls. With regard to the treatment of animals, there is a most lamentable deficiency in education. It is not easy to estimate the effects, on church and state, of so simple a thing as allowing boys to encourage dog-fights. Here, again, the example of the Quakers is excellent. On all occasions, they inculcate the greatest possible tenderness toward the brute creation. No one can read the life of that gentle-hearted apostle, John Woolman, without being touched and softened by his contrition at having, in childhood, killed a robin that was tending her little ones. I once asked John W. Edmonds, one of the inspectors at Sing Sing prison, how it was that a Wall-street lawyer, brought into sharp collisions with the world, had preserved so much tenderness of heart. 'My mother was a Quaker,' said he, 'and a serious conversation she had with me, when I was four or five years old, has affected my whole life. I had joined some boys, who were tormenting a kitten. We chased her, and threw stones, till we killed her. When I came into the house, I told my mother what we had done. She took me on her lap, and talked to me in such mov-

ing style about my cruelty to the poor helpless little animal, that I sobbed as if my heart would break. Afterward, if I were tempted to do any thing unkind, she would tell me to remember how sorry I was for having hurt the poor little kitten. I never forgot that circumstance. For a long time after, I could not think of it without tears. It impressed me so deeply, that when I became a man, I could never see a forlorn suffering wretch run down by his fellow-beings, without thinking of that hunted and pelted little beast. Even now, the ghost of that kitten, and the recollection of my dear mother's gentle lessons, come between me and the prisoners at Sing Sing, and for ever admonish me to be humane and forbearing.' One of the most amusing stories I ever heard of animals was lately told by a sober Quaker from New Jersey, who said it was related to him by the eye-witness, himself a member of the same serious unembellishing sect. He was one day in the fields, near a stream where several geese were swimming. Presently, he observed one disappear under the water, with a sudden jerk. While he looked for her to rise again, he saw a fox emerge from the water, and trot off to the woods with the unfortunate goose in his mouth. He chanced to go in a direction where it was easy for the man to watch his movements. He carried his burden to a recess under an overhanging rock. Here he scratched away a mass of dry leaves, scooped a hole, hid his treasure within, and covered it up very carefully. Then off he went to the stream again, entered some distance behind the flock of geese, and floated noiselessly along, with merely the tip of his nose visible above the surface. But this time he was not so fortunate in his manoeuvres. The geese, by some accident, took the alarm, and flew away with loud cackling. The fox, finding himself defeated, walked off in a direction opposite to the place where his victim was buried. The man uncovered the hole, put the goose in his basket, replaced the leaves carefully, and stood patiently at a distance, to watch further proceedings. The sly thief was soon seen returning with another fox, that he had invited to dine with him. They trotted along right merrily, swinging their tails, snuffing the air, and smacking their lips, in anticipation of a rich repast. When they arrived under the rock, Reynard eagerly scratched away the leaves; but lo, his dinner had disappeared! He looked at his companion, and plainly saw by his countenance, that he more than mis-doubted whether any goose was ever there, as pretended. He evidently considered his friend's hospitality a sham, and himself insulted. His contemptuous expression was more than the mortified fox could bear. Though conscious of generous intentions, he felt that all assurances to that effect would be regarded as lies. Appearances were certainly very much against him; for his tail slunk between his legs, and he held his head down, looking sideways, with a sneaking glance at his disappointed companion. Indignant at what he supposed to be an attempt to get up a character for generosity on false pretences, the offended guest seized his unfortunate host, and cuffed him most unmercifully. Poor Reynard bore the infliction with the utmost patience, and sneaked off, as if conscious that he had received no more than might naturally be expected under the circumstances. This story seems well authenticated as a fact"—i.e. "from a member of a serious unembellishing sect!"

Of the New York arts and artists, the following rather stilted account will nevertheless convey some ideas new to this side of the water:

"From the din of partisan strife and the never-resting scramble of Mammon, I seek repose and refreshment in the lap of nature; or if this be not convenient, I walk to 322 Broadway, and lounge an hour or two in the rooms of the Arts' Union. Seated before Durand's exceedingly beautiful picture of the Passing Summer Shower, the landscape of life soon becomes touched with golden rays of hope amid the sombre masses, and I cannot long

remain without rainbow-gleams within my soul. Many of these drawings and pictures are the workmanship of men engaged in banks, stores, and other departments of active life. These can easily become artists by profession, if they find in themselves enough of acknowledged talent to warrant the hazardous experiment; if not, this tasteful employment of their leisure hours is an innocent and healthful recreation, well adapted to keep them from the maddening whirlpool of politics and dissipation. A good deal of mediocrity exhibits itself in these rooms; but it is always relieved by many agreeable things, and some really beautiful, where-with to refresh the eye and the heart. Perhaps a marine sketch by Bonfield, with seas so translucent, that the colour of the sailors' jackets is seen through them in waving reflections; and so full of billowy life, that the gazer almost feels the waves bound beneath him, 'like a steed that knows his rider.' Or one of Cropsey's landscapes, with foliage so light, that the breezes seem to play with it; and an atmosphere so clear, that the far-off distance is transparent. This artist is a young beginner, the son of a farmer on Staten Island; but a glance at one of his pictures is sufficient to shew that nature sung over his cradle,

'This child I to myself will take;
He shall be mine, and I will make
An artist of my own.'

He paints genuine American landscapes—scenes that have mirrored themselves in his own eye and heart. May he trust to his own genius, and not lose himself by trying to imitate the characteristic excellence of others!

"At these rooms, I saw the most beautiful picture I have seen for a long time. It is Columbus pleading his own cause before Ferdinand and Isabella. The scene is in one of the fairy halls of the Alhambra. Its walls highly decorated with brilliant tints of the Arabian pencil, and its airy, fanciful, jeweled architecture, so expressive of a chivalrous, poetic, and voluptuous people, are in admirable keeping with the glowing colours of the drapery; and all is tempered by a soft pervading light. The whole atmosphere of the place speaks of love, and song, and balmy zephyrs, of orange-groves and alabaster fountains. The rich colours are mingled like cloud-tints of an autumn sunset, and so harmonised, that the effect is pleasing as a strain of music. The expression of character is as admirable as the colouring. There is great variety in the faces, and a marked individuality in each; but all are true to nature and alive with soul. In the noble figure of Columbus, one sees his natural enthusiasm tempered by age and sorrow, but still intense and eloquent. The head of Cardinal Ximenes is admirably expressive of the powerful intellect and strong will for which he was remarkable. The attitudes, the grouping, and the drapery, are exquisitely free and graceful. This fine picture was painted by E. G. Leutze, a young artist of German parentage, a native of Philadelphia, now studying his art in Dresden. He had previously painted the landing of Columbus in chains at Cadiz, which attracted a good deal of attention in Europe. He might have sold it well there, but he preferred that a picture the subject of which was so interesting to Americans should be owned by one of his countrymen. He accordingly sent it home, expressly for the Art Union, with the expectation that they would make it the subject of one of their annual engravings for distribution. It is now being engraved by Mr. Schoff, a native of Vermont, and an artist of great merit. He has been at work upon it nearly a year, and it will probably be two years more before it is finished. The Art Union have agreed to pay him \$3000 for the plate. This Art Union, originally called the Apollo Association, appears to me to be a most excellent institution; and I marvel much that it does not receive more liberal patronage. The genius of our government is adverse to such munificent encouragement of art as was bestowed in the olden time. On this side of the Atlantic we shall never have, I trust, such pa-

trons as Charles V., or the house of Medici; but we can foster art in a style better suited to the freedom and equality of republican institutions.

• • • The Art Union of New York is the first and only association of the kind in the United States. There was one incorporated in Philadelphia two years ago, but it has never gone into operation."

From the actual we pass, to conclude with the spiritual, or an exposition of Swedenborgism, according to Mrs. Child:

"Time and space are spiritually mere states of mind. We may partly understand this from facts in the present life, if we reflect that an hour seems a minute to a man about to be executed, while a minute seems an hour to the friend who is hurrying to him with the pardon that he fears may come too late. With regard to space, likewise, we all know what it is to feel very distant from a person that sits next to us; and very near to a person a thousand miles off. In the spiritual world, there are no obstacles of material space and time to overcome; and therefore, according to Swedenborg, two persons whose affections are in a similar state are near together the moment they think of each other. Thus it comes, that our spiritual similarity, not our earthly love, produces vicinity. But if our friendship in this world has not been merely for the selfish and temporary purposes of convenience, vanity, or passion; if we have loved in each other what was good and true, and tried to help each other to be unselfish and pure,—then are we spiritually related, and the relation will pass into eternity. We are told that infants who die enter the other world as infants. As they had here only the rudiments of capacity to become men, so they have there the rudiments of capacity to become angels. But their state is much better than that of little children in this life; for not being encumbered with a material body, which must receive impressions from the external world, and slowly learn to use its senses by experience, they can act at once from their souls, and thus walk and speak without practice. They do not suffer from hereditary evils, because these are not their own. Had they lived on earth to a mature age, these inherited evils would have tempted them severely, and they might have made them their own, by bringing them into the deeds of their actual life. But having departed in infancy, they are in a state of innocence into which heavenly good and truth flows freely, without resistance. They are troubled with no mournful recollections; for they suppose they were born in heaven. As soon as their souls leave the body they are folded in the arms of angels, who while they lived in this world were women full of maternal tenderness. Each angel has charge of as many children as she desires from spiritual parental love. The speech of the little ones at first consists of mere flowing tones of affection; but these gradually become more articulate and distinct, as ideas of thought enter. All things are taught them by delightful images, suited to their tender state. They learn fast, because no false principles, acquired during their earthly existence, obstruct their understanding of truth, and no evils of life resist the reception of good."

Believing in Swedenborg, it may readily be credited that Mesmerism to its utmost limits is a faith and corroboration.

DAVID HUME.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

With the following brief additions we conclude our review of this valuable publication.

"A letter from Adam Smith, desiring that his friend, Count Sarsfield, might be introduced to Hume's circle of acquaintance, called forth the following narrative of a very amusing incident:

Hume to Adam Smith.

London, 13th June, 1767.

"Dear Smith,—The Count de Sarsfield is a good acquaintance of mine; from the time I saw him at

Paris; and as he is really a man of merit, I have great pleasure whenever I meet him here. My occupations keep me from cultivating his friendship as much as I should incline. I did not introduce him to Elliot, because I knew that this gentleman's reserve and indolence would make him neglect the acquaintance; and I did not introduce him to Oswald, because I fear that he and I are broke for ever; at least he does not seem inclined to take any steps towards an accommodation with me. I am to tell you the strangest story you ever heard of. I was dining with him, above two months ago, where, among other company, was the Bishop of Raphoe. After dinner we were disposed to be merry. I said to the company, that I had been very ill used by Lord Hertford; for that I always expected to be made a bishop by him during his lieutenancy! but he had given away two sees from me, to my great vexation and disappointment. The right reverend, without any further provocation, burst out into the most furious, and indecent, and orthodox rage that ever was seen: told me that I was most impertinent; that if he did not wear a gown, I durst not, no, I durst not, have used him so; that none but a coward would treat a clergyman in that manner; that henceforth he must either abstain from his brother's house, or I must; and that this was not the first time he had heard the stupid joke from my mouth. With the utmost tranquillity and temper I asked his pardon: assured him, upon my honour, that I did not mean him the least offence: if I had imagined he could possibly have been displeased, I never should have mentioned the subject; but the joke was not in the least against him, but entirely against myself, as if I were capable of such an expectation as that of being a bishop! my regard for himself, and still more for his brother, with whom I had long been more particularly connected, would certainly restrain me from either joke or earnest, which could be offensive to him; and that, if I had ever touched on the same topic before, I had entirely forgot it, and it must have been above a twelvemonth ago. He was nowise appeased; raved on in the same style for a long time. At last I got the discourse diverted, and took my leave, seemingly with great indifference and even good humour. I was nowise surprised nor concerned about his lordship; because I had, on other occasions, observed the same orthodox zeal swell within him, and it was often difficult for him to converse with temper when I was in the company. But what really surprised and vexed me was, that his brother kept silence all the time. I met him in the passage when I went away, and he made me no apology. He has never since called on me; and though he sees that I never come near his house, though formerly I used to be three or four times a week with him, he never takes the least notice of it. I own this gives me vexation, because I have a sincere value and affection for him. It is only some satisfaction to me to find, that I am so palpably in the right as not to leave the least room for doubt or ambiguity. Dr. Pitcairne, who was in the company, says that he never saw such a scene in his lifetime. If I were sure, dear Smith, that you and I should not some day quarrel in some such manner, I should tell you that I am, yours very affectionately and sincerely."

Approaching the conclusion of Hume's mortal career, at his quiet, social, and honoured residence in Edinburgh, we read:

"It does not appear to be necessary that traditional anecdotes, such as the few we possess of Hume, must either be authenticated, or excluded from such a work as the present. It seems to entitle them to a place, that they were current among those who knew his character and habits. They thus afford all that is expected from such sources—passing fancy sketches, recognised as likenesses. Like several others that have appeared in these pages, as mere traditions, the following anecdote, which is eminently natural and curious, has no farther authentication than the general belief, in Edinburgh, that it 'was like the man.' About the com-

mencement of his last illness, a female member of the respectable Berean congregation, in Leith, presented herself at his door, with the information that she had been entrusted with a message to him from on high; and, becoming very urgent, succeeded in obtaining admission. 'This is a very important matter, madam,' said the philosopher; 'we must take it with deliberation:—perhaps you had better get a little temporal refreshment before you begin.' 'Lassie, bring this good lady a glass of wine.' While she was preparing for the attack, Hume entered good-humouredly into conversation with her; and, discovering that her husband was a chandler, announced that he stood very much in want, at that time, of some temporal lights, and entrusted his guest with a very large order. This unexpected stroke of business at once absorbed all the good woman's thoughts; and, forgetting her important mission, she immediately trotted home to acquaint her husband with the good news.

"Some of his witticisms have a tone of sarcastic severity, which he does not appear to have been disposed to suppress, even when women were the victims, if it was called forth by affection or folly. To a celebrated 'fine woman' of his day, who said she was often pestered to tell her age, and desired his opinion what answer she should give, he is reported to have said, 'Madam, say you are not yet come to years of discretion.'"

In 1772 there was a great monetary convulsion, and Hume writes to Adam Smith:

"Of all the sufferers, I am the most concerned for the Adams, particularly John. But their undertakings were so vast, that nothing could support them. They must dismiss three thousand workmen, who, comprehending the materials, must have expended above 100,000*l.* a year. They have great funds; but if these must be disposed of in a hurry, and to disadvantage, I am afraid the remainder will amount to little or nothing. People's [compa]ssion, I see, was exhausted for John, in his last calamity, and everybody asks why he incurred any more hazards. But his friendship for his brothers is an apology; though I believe he has a projecting turn of his own. To me the scheme of the Adelphi always appeared so imprudent, that my wonder is how they could have gone on so long. If Sir George Colebrooke stop, it will probably disconcert all the plans of our friends, as it will diminish their patron's influence; which is a new misfortune. On the whole, I believe that the check given to our exorbitant and ill-grounded credit will prove of advantage in the long run, as it will reduce people to more solid and less sanguine projects, and at the same time introduce frugality among the merchants and manufacturers: what say you? Here is food for your speculation." • • •

"The following appears to be the earliest letter in which Hume expresses himself conscious of some unpleasant feelings, symptomatic of a decay of the physical functions:—

Hume to Colonel Edmondston.

Edinburgh, 23d March, 1775.

"Caro Giuseppe,—No request can be more obliging than yours; and no party could have been proposed to any place, or with any company, more agreeable to me. But you remember what a plague I was to every body and to myself on my last journey; and you may recollect that I made a vow, in the bitterness of my distress, never more to leave my own house, nor lie out of my own bed. This vow I have religiously kept, except two or three days last autumn, when I went to my brother's; and though I could scarcely there esteem myself from home, I resolved never more to pay them a visit. You have not a bed cool enough for me, which proceeds not from any distemper or disorder, but from a peculiarity of constitution, that has been gradually increasing on me these last twelve years. I am in very good health: but let me tell you, that you express yourself strangely when you say I have been complaining. How could you imagine that I could ever complain, even

though *fractus illabatur orbis*? I beseech you, know better the people to whom you speak, and the force of the terms you make use of. Miss Keiths desired me to tell you, that some time ago they had a letter from Sir Basil, by which they learn that your request with regard to Maillet's friend is complied with. My compliments to Mrs. Edmondstone; embrace Jean Jacques in my name. Dear Guidelanus, I am ever yours.

"Colonel Edmondstone's answer to these excuses is not a little curious.

"Dear obstinate David,—

*Præsum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor recta jubeant
Non vultus instantis Baronna
Mente quatit stolidia.*

Will nothing move you, you obdurate philosopher? Your reasons are not worth a straw; and I'll prosecute you for scandalising my house. The room next to your last is as cool as any room ought to be. It looks to the north, and you was put into a south room merely because it was thought that the sun's vivifying ray would be of use to a man that had been worn out and so much epuisé in France. Besides, you scrub, have I not seen you basking for hours together in the sun, contemplating Shellee, and burning with envy at his prowess? and I heard nothing about your being heated till we came to Killin, and that was Crichen's doing, to season you for still a hotter place."

The circumstances attending the death of Hume are related with plain simplicity, and the whole ends with a high eulogium upon Free Trade, of which this is the flourish:

"In no long time, a hundred years will have elapsed from the day when Hume told the world, what the legislature of this country is now declaring, that national exclusiveness in trade was as foolish as it was wicked; that no nation could profit by stopping the natural flood of commerce between itself and the rest of the world; that commercial restrictions deprive the nations of the earth of that free communication and exchange which the Author of the world has intended by giving them soils, climates, and geniuses, so different from each other; and that, like the healthy circulation of the blood in living bodies, Free Trade is the vital principle by which the nations of the earth are to become united in one harmonious whole."

KING OF SAXONY'S BRITISH TOUR.

[Second notice.]

DR. CARUS having visited the College of Surgeons, and measured Professor Owen's head for his craniological tables, and found it true to his theory, as he also did Faraday's and the Marchioness of Douro's, took a turn through Covent Garden Market, where, among other rare things, he saw "numbers of baskets filled with unripe fruit for sale, particularly employed for a kind of pastry much used in desserts, and called tarts. There was no lack of the beautiful mixed up with the useful—whole stands full of the choicest flowers, and especially in the form of elegant bouquets, charmingly arranged and bound together by pretty cases made of ornamental white paper, furnishing every dandy with the most suitable morning offering to the mistress of his heart."

Barclay and Perkins's brewery was inspected with gratification, and the Doctor affords us a piece of science on the occasion:

"If I were to make a remark in conclusion, it would be this:—what a number of things the human mind can produce and originate ignorantly and unconsciously, so that at the end exactly the same effect is produced as if he had all along known what this result would be! Thus, for example, these men direct the preparation and fermentation of these pleasant and nourishing drinks, and do not at all know that by this means they give rise to a process of microscopic vegetation, and cultivate

one of the most remarkable formations of plants. It has, indeed, only been known for a few years among scientific men, that yeast consists of an infinite number of the most minute semina, and that fermentation is nothing but an organic conversion of a liquid, which conversion goes on at the same rate if left to take its natural course, and is determined by an increase of the original bubbles, and by a development of plants, which again form fresh semina, or bubbles, being the yeast produced by the fermentation. The beer probably would not be better if the brewer understood all this; but it is different with the spirit, which is only to be satisfied with the principles of any phenomenon, and which increases by increased knowledge."

We are all aware that knowledge is power; but so also is brown stout; and it was only a learned philosopher who could discover that it was so whether brewed scientifically or not. Next day he writes:

"In the afternoon, the British Museum was to be visited. Before, however, we set out on this expedition, I received a visit in my quiet room from Prince Albert, that young and amiable prince, who was led to me by the interest which he takes in the science of nature, in order to see, under the microscope, the mysterious productions, previously spoken of, called leaven bladders. The exhibition was very successful—the view of the process complete; and the lively interest taken by him in this remarkable discovery is a proof to me that science and its promoters in England will infallibly be much indebted to the attention and zeal of his royal highness for the promotion of knowledge."

Most of the remarkable places, or, as usually called, the Lions of London, were speedily traversed, and the author's diligence is demonstrated in every day's progress. It was British Museum or the model or other prison in the morning, and the theatre or opera at night. The former shewed him their antique groups, graces, and treadmills, and the latter their tableaux and pirouettes. Different circumstances make a vast difference as regards these exercises. At Her Majesty's Theatre the Doctor speaks like a person in his common senses about the performance, and does not (with all his German imaginativeness and susceptibility) fly into such raptures as are noticed in a future page of dramatic criticism.

The opera (he writes) was followed by a ballet, 'Undine,' insignificant in invention and arrangement, and brought out with bad decorations. The great object of attraction was the moonlight dance, performed by Cerito towards the end, in which she has here raised such a *furor*, that on one occasion, when this dance was omitted, it gave rise almost to a riot in the theatre, which was only put an end to, or rather turned into laughter, by an Italian presenting himself to the audience to lull the storm, and addressing the public in bad French in the following singular manner:—"Messieurs et mesdames, un accident est arrivé à la machine de la lune." This moonshine was produced somewhat in a similar manner as in the hydro-oxygen gas microscope; the light was made to fall upon a milk-white glass, and certainly produced all the effect of the clearest moonshine. In this light Cerito danced—coquetting with her shadow just as a young girl would do with her reflection in a looking-glass—bending herself down as she would embrace it, and then apparently flying from it again, and executing a hundred such fooleries, which, however, were all performed with admirable grace—called forth bursts of applause—and were very agreeable to see."

A visit to Sion House suggests a rather melancholic train of reflection. "The question (says the Doctor, after recapitulating its splendours) naturally suggests itself, whether, in the midst of such a mass of comforts as the air of these places breathe, where every wish meets with its ready and most luxurious indulgence, the mental life, the productive stimulating impulse and energy of the mind, is not likely to be lost? All that I see here

and elsewhere presses this reflection on my mind. It is bad to possess too little, but it is perhaps still more dangerous to possess too much!"

There used to be a story told (probably not a true one, but pretty generally circulated), that the noble owner of this mansion was wont to suffer from such *ennui*; to divert which he would disappear from his circle, and, as plain Mr. John Brown, throw himself upon his country; taking up his quarters where he listed, and enjoying a variety of life; which he immediately abandoned if his *incognito* was found out; and wealthy John Browns are not so common as not to excite hotel, inn, town, or village curiosity.

"We know not if the tale be true:
As 'twas told to *We*, we tell to you."

and come, with dear Carus, to the London Tavern and turtle! of which, after being too late for the Museum of the East India House, he saith:

"Instead of East Indian, we turned our attention to West Indian products, by proceeding to a tavern hard by, where they carry on a large trade in turtle, which are brought in great numbers from Jamaica, Ascension, and other places, and killed and consumed in London. Some of the large reservoirs in which these giants are kept, in salt water, were opened for my inspection, and it seemed frightful when the large grey monster, four or five feet long, raised his round, flat head from the water, and looked at me with his eyes. I remembered that I had helped to consume many of these creatures, of which the favourite turtle-soup is made, and contemplated these West Indians with a feeling of compassion, which are obliged to make a voyage over the ocean in order to shed their blood here for European kitchens and the pleasure of English palates."

Fore Heaven (as Bobadil phrases it) and by the foot of Pharaoh, it is grievous to read this Jeremiah. We, too, have looked in these tanks, where the unconscious giants are swimming about under the immediate statistical government of Messrs. Bathie and Breache. We, too, have seen them (the giants, not B. and B.) look at us (as turtles should) with their own eyes; but then, we looked at them with ours, and instead of reflecting upon the past with all the sentiment of a Parisian belle or a Dr. Carus, we thought upon a future—not of bloodshed, after forced and cruel immigration, but of such callipie and callipash as Messrs. B. know so well how to make. "Grey monsters," did we anticipate, "you have no more feeling than so many frogs. Grey monsters, you escaped from slavery in the West Indies to do a duty among highly civilised and intellectual men. Blessed is your lot. A meagre Frenchman will devour the limbs of many frogs in a small single dish of fricassee; and if a few toads should be amongst them (like the fabled Jackdaw in bad company), *tant pis pour elles*; but you, beautiful ultra-marine giants, have in you wherewithal to 'stop the vitals' of a large company of stout Englishmen. Grey monsters, right welcome are you to this land of freedom. Here, the moment you burst your shells of bondage, the turtle-dove is not more certain of a cordial reception; and it must be a satisfaction to you to know (if you do know it) that you afford one of the most succulent pleasures to the palates of that country which gave twenty millions in sterling humanity to emancipate your fellow West Indians from the chain and scourge." At the Old Bailey, where, by the by, there is no want of turtle either on proper days, when the judges dine, the traveller "happened to hear a remarkable case. At the bar stood a man of middle age (he says), fearful looking, and often holding his handkerchief to his face. The counsel for the prosecution represented pathetically, that this man, some years before, had sought the hand of a young girl of 14, finally carried her away from her parents, and married her at Gretna-Green, but had afterwards deserted her in London, and had left her in the greatest misery. The effect of this speech on all present was visible, and the situation of the accused was wretched. I listened for some time, till the prisoner's counsel

* We have to request attention to a letter from Mr. Burton, the able editor of the work, in a subsequent page, which we insert, this week, without comment.—Ed. L. G.

begin to go into detail, called witnesses, &c., and my time was expired. If I may form an opinion from such imperfect grounds, I should say that such public proceedings certainly produce something of that effect which might reasonably be expected from such a course of action; it is, properly speaking, the continually repeated advice to the multitude, 'Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.' We can in such respects only speak of the sharpening of the intellect or the judgment, the teaching to see clearly what further actions are the necessary result of any one action—what is the end to which a certain course necessarily leads; after obtaining this knowledge, let each do that which he believes he must, or what he really must, and learn to be 'always ready.' This is, however, only the external view of the case. The internal and more important one is the opinion of the accused formed in the minds of his judges. In this respect, however, also all that man can do has been done to insure an accurate and careful weighing of the *pro et con*. What the Turks add to every sentence, 'God alone knoweth better,' ought indeed to be written in letters of gold in every court of justice, whether sentence is pronounced according to verbal or written data! But when once the entire unreasonableness of the sentence of death has been generally recognised, when prisons are no longer dens of torment and corrupters of the soul, then a possible human error in the sentence may be considered as no longer irreparable. I think, therefore, one must follow the instinct of the age. I cannot think that this can be founded on any error."

Having seen all the picture-galleries and other sights of town, his majesty and a small suite made a pretty extensive and rapid tour over England, Wales, and Scotland; being honourably entertained wherever he went, as so courteous, accomplished, and amiable a monarch well deserved to be, by gentle and simple, the aristocracy and the multitude. Scope of his Physician's notices will diversify this tour.

At the Derby Station, where there are as high charges for hotel entertainments as any where in England, they found they were watched by a gentleman of the press:

"The latest newspapers were constantly offered at the stations: we bought some; and the rapidity with which news is here circulated may be guessed from the circumstance that the *Times* of this morning, just arrived, gave a full and minute account of his majesty's visit to Hatfield House yesterday. In this manner, all that takes place at the court in London—visits, invitations, excursions, &c.—are particularly chronicled and printed in all the newspapers; and now I see that the reporters, even on their journey, report with the same rapidity. At every station, a person in one of the nearest carriages kept continually looking towards our carriage, and fixed his eyes upon us as if he were working upon a sketch of the travelling-equipage for a wood-cut in the *Illustrated News*. I confess, that all this spying and universal small-talk of the newspapers seems to me to be doubly mischievous: first, to the people, who are thus accustomed to trouble themselves about a multitude of trivial circumstances, family affairs, and the most ordinary events; and, secondly, for those who are the objects of such incessant prying and observation. Such a people as the English should be far above such littleness."

At Chatsworth he prays for the Duke; and, indeed, the dukeries, or ducal residences generally, fill him with sombre reflections. At this place he says:

"The artificial existence of the Duke is undoubtedly great and important; may his natural existence also bring him happiness! He is said to be very beneficent and good. He has remained unmarried, as it is said, for family reasons." [*Bien dire!*]

Angling does not appear to be in favour with the Doctor:

"Immediately on leaving Buxton (he remarks),

we passed very imposing masses of rocks and wide valleys. Horses were changed in Bakewell, amidst great crowds of people and ringing of bells; and a number of strangers had arrived at the hotel, where we previously stopped, who visited the neighbourhood merely for the purpose of angling. This art is very seriously and pedantically exercised by many Englishmen, who take great pleasure in it; and at the Marquess of Salisbury's I saw a fishing-book, containing an immense variety of hooks and artificial flies, which are systematically changed according to the species of fish and the season of the year, in order to entice the poor inhabitants of the mountain-brooks from their cool retreats into the glowing fire. The Marquess did not deny that he had often taken a journey to Scotland for the mere pleasure of this pursuit."

At Birmingham he treats of the factory-labour of children:

"We next drove to the great button-manufactory of Messrs. Turner and Co., in which also several hundred workpeople are employed, including young women and boys. It excited our surprise to observe, as far as we were able to follow the process, the great number of hands through which a button goes, before it becomes that ornamental, polished, glittering thing which we employ for use and ornament in dress, and look upon as so insignificant. The most interesting point to me was, to have an opportunity of casting a glance upon that misery so much spoken of, which is the lot of children in great manufactories. This is certainly a wonderful pathological excrescence of our times, as a whole so great, but in particular cases, exhibiting results deeply to be deplored. These vast multitudes of children, although of a cheerful appearance, are wholly devoted to mere thoughtless mechanical labour—day after day the same—at an age, too, in which the human being should live solely for the higher growth and development of his mental and physical powers; they are compelled to exist in the present, and should live for the future. The consideration of this suggests something dreadful—something inhuman; and no resolution of parliament whatever, however much the legislature and individuals may have devoted or may devote themselves to the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, and especially of the children, can be effectual in removing this curse. On the other hand, again, there is something reconciling in the thought, when we think of the perpetual increasing growth of human beings, and reflect on the limited means of providing for their sustenance. It then appears like a manifestation of divine beneficence, that the intelligence and inventive powers of the human mind have discovered means of providing on a large scale for the wants of this immense growth of population, and at least of rendering existence possible; for, after all, is not this, even in its most contracted form, always a kind of happiness? The human species in general, from the beginning of the world, has always owed its highest mental development to the efforts of the few; and the beauty and greatness of ancient Hellas would not appear to have been possible without the condition of slavery among the Helots. Considered, therefore, from this point of view, the whole condition of this immense manufacturing system, under which thousands sacrifice the highest claims and demands of their being, in order to satisfy the wants or gratify the pleasures of other thousands, and secure at least an existence for themselves, involves something very important, and has many analogies in the history of the world and of the development of the human race. Moreover, no one is yet in a condition to effect any substantial alteration."

At Oxford the observations are not very flattering:

"We visited the *theatrum anatomicum*, the whole arrangements of which brought back the times of Vesal to my mind. Above the professor's table hung a human skeleton, and a figure shewing the muscular conformation of the human subject, so that they could be let down and drawn up again

by cords: the latter was that sort of preparation which Albin was celebrated for, and is such as to cause a feeling of disgust in an uninitiated spectator. All round the theatre, behind the amphitheatrical seats of the audience, were skulls and anatomical preparations, every thing quite in the antique style. Professor Kidd, a good-natured old gentleman, quite corresponded with these ancient treasures. He may, probably, formerly, have had some talents, or at least some liking for personal activity and inquiry; at a later period, without any excitement from without, in a university devoted almost entirely to philology and theology (which is, indeed, no *universitas*), and without sufficient inward power and excitement, the stagnation of all philosophical study of natural history soon put a stop to his activity."

"From the museum we returned to the anatomical collection, examined Dr. Kidd's long-unused microscope; I shewed him some of the latest improvements, and roused in the old professor the spirit of inquiry and of discovery. He was much delighted at my communications, complained bitterly that so little interest for these subjects was exhibited in Oxford, and gave hopes of renewed activity."

[The conclusion next week.]

College Life. Letters to an Under-Graduate. By the late Rev. T. Whytehead, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge; and Chaplain to the Bishop of New Zealand. Pp. 138. Cambridge, J. T. Walters; London, Burns; Oxford, Parker. CHAPLAIN to the Bishop of whom Sydney Smith facetiously predicted the peril of going to convert cannibals who might like to have a cold clergyman for a dish on the sideboard, the author died a natural death in the Bay of Islands, in March 1843. The volume now posthumously published was written by him in 1841, when Curate of Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight; which he left for the New Zealand appointment. He earnestly enforces the duties of submissiveness and obedience in the *alumni* to their *alma mater*; and, with regard to the latter, insists upon the saying, "it is *their* place to be old-fashioned," and not liable to innovations; yet he thinks, with Dean Peacock, that "the sooner the wording of the University oaths is altered the better." It is an amiable and affectionate little book; and displays some of the reading which acquired Mr. Whytehead the honours accorded to his talents in the University.

Memoirs of Alexander Bethune, &c. By William M'Combie. Pp. 390. Aberdeen, G. & R. King. BORN in very humble life, Alexander Bethune raised himself from peasant rank to considerable literary distinction, and the present is a faithful record of his course. Like most others, he found literature but a thorny pathway; a troubled life, poverty, ill health, and an early grave, were his lot on earth; and in June 1843, at the age of 38, he was taken to join his brother John, another example of lowly Scottish talent and high desert, and the uncertainty and danger of men being raised out of their natural sphere by the possession of more than common natural endowments.

The Embassy; or, the Key to a Mystery. An Historical Romance. Being the Second Series of "Chronicles of the Bastille." 3 vols. Newby. HAS, we believe, appeared in Nov., and rests much on the story of John Felton the assassin, and the Iron Mask, without adding either to the interest or information of the subjects.

The Beauties of Isaac Barrow, D.D. By B. S., Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 274. London, T. C. Newby. SELECTIONS from the sermons and devotional writings of this eminent and eloquent divine. Setting aside its religious purity and impressiveness, every other page is replete with moral lessons of the highest value, and observations on the common ways and practices of the world, which must be read with infinite benefit by every class of the community.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Isle of Wight, March 19.
 Sir,—Is Mr. Allies* merciful to his beast? Does he recollect that "the hobby-horse is but a colt," or, at best, a moderate-sized "pacing horse" or "ambling nag," when he sets all the Hobs, and Dobs, and Obs, and Hobbies, and Dobbies, and Dobbins, and Hoberdies, and Hobanies, and Hoberdyhobs, and Hobgoblins, and (I suppose) Obidicuts, and Hobididances, on his back at once, and then, mounting himself, gallops off with might and main after an *ignis fatuus*? It is not often that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has any fault to find with the Society of Antiquaries, who seldom molest any living thing but owls, bats, and moths—and these command little sympathy from the pensive public; but this seems to me a clear case of wanton overloading and furious riding, to the injury of the horse and the great danger of etymological foot-passengers, to say nothing of the antiquarian rider. Some, at least, of the Hob family—*Hob-o'-th'-hurst*, for instance—if not all, must be of kin to *Robin Goodfellow*; and Mr. Wright would doubtless make *Robin Hood* claim relationship with others: one or two of the race, being jovial fellows, with uncommonly good appetites, would be fitting comrades for these worthies, if *Hob*, and *Nob*, and *Robin-a-Bobbin* are of the number, and the latter certainly is.

Seriously, I do hope we shall not, in our search for a derivation, be reduced to *Hobson's* choice—"this horse or none;" for your extracts, at least, hardly make out any case for the equine theory. On the other hand, all likelihood, and the striking analogy of "*Hob* and his lantern," &c. with "*Will of the Wisp*" and "*Jack o' Lantern*," seem to favour the commonly received Robertsonian hypothesis, viz. that all these forms of *Hob*, *Dob*, and the like, are, as well as *Robin*, merely familiar varieties—*nurse- or son-names*, as Mr. Lower has it—of *Robert*, used perhaps, when applied to fairies and their haunts, like the fabled *Will* and *Jack*, for the purpose of conciliating the "good people."

Dobbin is not, surely, merely "a provincial satirical name for an old horse," but a common country name for a cart-horse, whether young or old, and, I fancy, also derived from *Robert*. *Hob-nail* one has been wont to think but another form of *hoof-nail*.

However these things may be, it is curious to trace with Mr. Allies the numerous local names, evidently borrowed from fairy mythology. In the Isle of Wight there are many—*Puck-pool*, *Puck's* (pronounced *Pook's*) *Farm*, *Puckaster Cove*, *Sucklands*, *Fairy-hill*, and several more. Akin to *Puck* are the Dutch *spook*, the German *spuk*, the Swedish *spöke*, and the Danish *spøgelse*—ghost, apparition—with the verbs thereout formed. The Germans and Swedes say, "es spökt im hause," and "det spökar i huset," for "the house is haunted." What is commonly called a *puff-ball* is properly *puck-ball* or *puck-list*: the "little folks" are well known to have a great liking for the fungus tribe.—Yours, &c.

M. H. O.

HUME'S CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Edinburgh, 24th March, 1846.

Sir,—In a review with which you have honoured my *Life and Correspondence of Hume*, you speak of passages in his letters which seem to have been suppressed, and particularly of "one memorable declaration of distinct infidelity." You make the statement hypothetically, on the ground of information derived from another person, and in a form which I take the liberty of construing into a desire that I should treat it as a question put to me. In answer, I beg to state that I am not conscious of having left out any passage to which this description can apply. If it be possible

* See "Fairy and Ghost Lore" in No. 1521 of the *Literary Gazette*.

that I could have negligently overlooked it, it is extremely improbable. I certainly did not designedly omit it.

I do not profess to have printed in full all the letters by Hume that came under my notice. I have omitted many passages and some complete letters, because they appeared to me to be utterly uninteresting. I have also omitted one or two allusions to private individuals, the publication of which would have given pain to their surviving relations. I believe such things as these are to be found in all collections of confidential letters. I have not, however, suppressed any passage in a letter by Hume on account of its containing a declaration of opinion.—I am, &c. J. H. BURTON.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Illegal award of the Royal Medal.

WE have heard, but trust it is not true, that the Council of the Royal Society have refused to entertain the question (alluded to in the *Literary Gazette* of the 14th instant) as to the illegality of the award of the Royal Medal, and have declined to investigate the charges brought against the Committee that recommended the award, or the very questionable acts of one of the Secretaries of the Society. That the proceedings of a Physiological Committee were, to use a mild term, most irregular; that the medal was awarded to Mr. Beck in direct opposition to the laws of the Society; that the Council consciously sanctioned such violation; and that the conduct of the secretary, Dr. Roget, has been exceedingly reprehensible,—are affirmed by the following statement of the case, which, from the sources whence it has been derived, do not doubt being circumstantially correct.

The Physiological Committee, a numerous one, assembled to receive the reports on the merits of the papers, and to recommend the award of the medals, was presided over by the Senior Fellow present, Mr. Lawrence. The ordinary business having been despatched, and the recommendation for the Copley medal having been voted, the Chairman inquired of the Secretary whether there was any farther business, and the answer was, None. He then, in the usual form, adjourned the Committee. Shortly after Mr. Lawrence and several others had left, a new Committee (!) was formed; Dr. Todd took the chair, and forthwith Dr. Sharpey, one of the Referees (Dr. Todd being the other) of Mr. Beck's paper, "On the nerves of the uterus," drew from his pocket a report thereon, and in due course the recommendation was passed to award the Royal Medal to Mr. Beck.

The Council met two days afterwards, and upon the recommendation of this extraordinary Committee awarded the medal. It is to be presumed that the Council were not then aware of the unconstitutional re-formation of a Committee; but their award was given without knowing the grounds upon which the recommendation was made, and before the Council had determined whether the Paper was worthy of being published; for, after awarding the medal, the Council resolved itself into a Committee on Papers, to consider and decide whether or not the paper should be printed; Mr. Beck's communication not having been previously read to the Society, nor even seen by any one connected with the Society, excepting the Secretary and the two referees.

The Secretary had received a supplementary paper to Dr. Lee's communication on the same subject, printed in the *Transactions*. This paper was in his custody and under his control for some months, during which time Mr. Beck's paper was also in his charge. Both should have been sacred, and according to the rules of the Society, tabooed even against the authors themselves. But not only was the paper, to the merits of which eventually the Royal Medal was awarded, permitted to be restored to the author, but he must also have had access to the supplementary writings

and investigations of Dr. Lee; for the corrected paper, upon the report of which the vote was taken, had reference to facts contained in it.

The foregoing is a plain statement of the cause of the differences existing in the Royal Society, and only requires a farther single remark, which may possibly throw some light upon the extraordinary re-formation of a Committee, as stated above. Mr. Lawrence, the chairman of the Physiological Committee, was a referee on Dr. Lee's papers, and fully conversant with the subject, and it was not until his departure that the report was produced by Dr. Sharpey. When at the next meeting of the Committee—Mr. Lawrence again in the chair—the minutes were read, he was astounded, and, in his surprise, put to the meeting the confirmation of the minutes, which was carried accordingly.

Under such circumstances as these, we cannot believe the Council to be indifferent, or averse to investigate these grave matters; and we hope that the inquiry will result in the abolition of irresponsible committees, with their, sooner or later, jealousies, selfishness, and favouritism.

March 19th.—The Marquess of Northampton, president, in the chair. The following papers were read:—1. "On the blow-hole of the porpoise," by Mr. F. Sibson. The external opening of the air-passage of the porpoise is so situated at the upper part of the head as to admit of the animal's breathing while only a small portion of its head is above the water. In its descent through the skull, between the cranial and facial bones, the tube is divided by a thin plate of bone into two nasal canals, which form, below this partition, a single muscular tube, opening at its lower part into the pharynx by a constricted aperture, through which the larynx projects upwards quite through the pharynx, dividing it into two channels. A series of pouches, five in number, capable of great dilatation, and provided with a muscular apparatus for retaining or expelling their contents, communicate by large orifices with the nasal canals, and appear to correspond in situation with the *antra*, *frontal sinuses*, and *ethmoid cells*. The author gave a minute anatomical description of these muscles, and an account of their modes of action; the adjustments of the apparatus being such that the outer passage may be closed or opened above or below the anterior pouches. When the outer passage is closed, the posterior pouches can be distended, and the anterior emptied; while the converse may be effected when the passage is open. The use of the pouches appears to be to buoy up the head; so that, as the porpoise rises from deep water, the opening for breathing comes first to the surface, and admits of the animal's sleeping in that position, while its whole body remains immersed in the water.

2. "On motion in the lumbar division of the spine in birds," by Mr. G. O. Fleming. The author quoted from Cuvier, Blumenbach, Tiedemann, Macartney, Vicq d'Azyr, Carus, Earle, and Roget, in proof of its being the prevalent opinion among comparative physiologists that the dorsal and lumbar portions of the spine form altogether a rigid structure, not admitting of the least perceptible flexion. But from his observations of the form of the articulating surfaces of the lumbar vertebrae, which appear to be adapted to lateral motion, the author was led to conclude that, although flexion in the mesial plane is effectually prevented, some degree of lateral flexion actually takes place. The number of articulations in this part of the spine, he observed, varies in different birds: thus in the seagull there are several articulations in the dorsal and lumbar portions; while in the peacock there is only one movable vertebra, the remaining dorsal being united together, and all the lumbar vertebrae being consolidated and ankylosed with the sacrum, thus forming two firm and immovable pieces, between which the movable vertebra is placed. The flexion of the spine forwards is prevented by the great breadth of the spinous processes and their

projections at right angles to the bodies of the vertebrae; and frequently also by the addition of a number of thin, flat, long bones, which are applied by their flat surfaces on each side of the spinous processes; and also by strong flat ligaments, situated between each spinous process, like the *ligamentum nuchæ* of herbivorous quadrupeds. For the purpose of guarding against pressure on the spinal cord during the lateral flexion of this part of the spine, the spinal canal is enlarged laterally at the centres of motion. The paper was illustrated by drawings of the parts described.

The Marquess of Northampton's *Soirée*, on Saturday, the third of the season, followed the annual dinner entertainment given by the noble marquess as President of the Royal Society. Amongst the several objects of interest exhibited, and in some instances explained, to the numerous visitors, the following chiefly attracted our attention:—Mr. Perigal's instrument to develop a peculiar law of compound motion, generating retrogressive or recurrent curves; this, however, for its novelty and apparent great importance, we have treated in a separate article under this same division of our sheet. — M. Claudet's photographic specimens, and one of them particularly, the impression of black lace upon a daguerreotype plate by the light of the stars. This was stated by M. Claudet, who thus described his experiment, which he considers as proof of the chemical power of starlight. He covered a prepared plate with a piece of black lace, and exposed it to the then brightest part of the sky, the constellation Ursa Major, nearly at the zenith. It was left to the influence of these and the surrounding stars for about fifteen minutes, which sufficed to impress the black lace upon the plate. That the impression was effected by the light of the stars is, we think, questionable, and not so satisfactorily proved as the recent result obtained by this indefatigable investigator in regard to the photographic action of moonlight. Probably the impression was the effect of contiguity, as expounded by Möser; and black substances, as absorbents of light and heat, and darkly connected with electrical development, favour this view. — Dr. Silvestri's specimens of artificially petrified human and other organic substances—a man's head with the brain exposed; a woman's head with the hair parted and dressed; the hand of an adult, and another of an infant, nearly transparent; a tongue, a slice of liver, &c., all as hard as stone, and sounding like marble when struck: also birds, reptiles, a bunch of flowers in their natural colours, &c. The flowers were preserved by a modification of the petrifying process, which was explained to be a pneumatic extraction of the juices, and a steeping for a considerable time in chemical solutions. — Mr. Cheverton's ivory mechanical sculptures, and rolls of sheet-ivory cut by a sawing machine invented by him. A continuous sheet from twenty to thirty feet long, and varying according to its thickness, can be sawed from a portion of an elephant's tusk, the length of which determines the width of the sheet; the saw-cut being carried from the circumference to the centre either in an elliptical or a circular spiral, as may best suit the form of the tusk. The instrument used by the Chinese for cutting circular spirals of pith for what is commonly called rice-paper, would be a curious contrast to Mr. Cheverton's sawing machine! His sheets of ivory may be applied either as veneers or as large tablets for the miniature painter. Specimens of the latter, in size about 2½ feet by 1½, were exhibited; the ivory being imbedded in caoutchouc, instead of being cemented to the board. The interposed sheet of caoutchouc, by yielding, allows the free contraction or expansion of the tablet, and thus prevents the possibility of the ivory splitting.

In addition to the above, there were exhibited Mr. Wroughton's ingenious railway-index to shew the rate of speed at which a train travels; and his "improved respirator," for the benefit of those afflicted

with asthma or shortness of breath. The respirator, to be placed between the lips, is a silver or gold slightly-curved box, containing medicated camphor, and pierced at both ends with small holes. — Mr. Loseby's new compensation chronometer, consisting of curved tubes of mercury placed on the ordinary balance. — Messrs. Sedgwick and Taylor's ornamental brass-work, finished by a new process, producing the effect of electro-gilding without the use of gold. — Dr. Paltrener's electro-magnetic machine; and an apparatus for proving what appeared to be an erroneous view of the principle in mechanics, that action and reaction are equal. — Mr. Rettie's simple and admirable arrangement for night-signals for steam-boats, railway-trains, guards' lamps, &c. — Microscopic objects, wood-carvings, &c. &c. Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge again honoured the President with their company.

NEW LAW OF COMPOUND MOTION.

By the instrument, mentioned in our notice of the Marquis of Northampton's *soirée*, Mr. Perigal developed a peculiar law of compound circular motion, "generating retrogressive or recurrent curves, by which the moving body, when it has reached the extreme points of the curve, retrogrades or returns back in exactly the same line along which it advanced; constantly moving forward and backward from one extremity to the other; and always tracing and retracing the same line as it alternately advances and recedes."

These curves were produced by a complicated system of wheel-work, which Mr. Perigal stated to be capable of generating numberless varieties of curves dependent upon the ratio of the velocities of the movements; but the instrument was, on this occasion, adjusted for the production of parabolas or hyperbolas, and a sort of figure of 8 curve, resembling a lemniscate, which he shewed to be different forms of one and the same curve, just as circles and right lines are (limits or) varieties of ellipses. When the tracing-point passed through the centre, the curve was at one of its extremes or limits; and the two ovals of the figure of 8 were opened to their fullest extent of roundness; but alterations in the angular adjustment of the movements caused these ovals to become more and more flattened, till they ultimately converged or collapsed, and became in appearance a single line, terminating in points, with the form of a parabola or hyperbola; and the tracing-point travelled forward and backward from one extremity of the curve to the other repeatedly, without in the least degree thickening the line in one part more than in another; evidencing that it advanced and receded in exactly the very same path! In fact, the line of return might be considered as superposed upon the line of advance; as Mr. Perigal remarked, in reply to a very eminent mathematician, who objected that the figure of 8 curve was a line of the fourth order, inasmuch as it could be cut by a straight line in four places, while the parabola was a line of the second order, because it could be so cut only in two places; but the suggestion of its being a double line superposed seems to remove the difficulty.

Mr. Perigal informed us that one of his objects was to exhibit the parabola in the novel character of a retrogressive or recurrent curve of definite range; whence he inferred, that if a comet moved in that curve (as most of them are said to do) it might return after it had performed its allotted journey, and continue to visit us periodically, as several do, which are therefore supposed to travel in very elongated ellipses, although their apparent path more resembles a parabola.

We do not take upon ourselves to decide that this "retrogressive" curve of Mr. Perigal is or is not identical with the parabola of Apollonius; but we can bear testimony to its striking resemblance to the conic section; and affording at least *prima-facie* evidence of its relationship, however much its newly discovered property of "pe-

riodicity" may shock the prejudices of those who have hitherto thought themselves learned in such matters. Besides, it is well known that reciprocating straight lines can be produced by combinations of circular motions; and, therefore, we cannot see why it should have been deemed impossible so to produce parabolas and hyperbolas, which, being curved lines, would even appear the less unlikely. Of the importance of the discovery in reference to the cometary theory, our scientific readers can judge for themselves; and such of them as are mathematicians can, for their own satisfaction, put the question to the proof by submitting the problem to analytical investigation.

THE ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

It is some time since we took a trip on the experimental atmospheric rail, when tried at Wormwood Scrubs, and gave an account of it in the *Literary Gazette* of that day. The *Gazette* going, like the times, at railroad speed, we cannot refer so far back as to *ante* it; but we remember that we thought the invention extremely ingenious, and obviously practicable. Since then, much progress has been made in improvements, and rails on this principle have been successfully established in various localities. Among the rest, between London Bridge, Southwark, and Croydon; on which we were invited to accompany a party of scientific gentlemen, to test its merits, on Monday last. We went to Croydon, stopping at the stations on the way, and thence back to the Dartmouth Arms, without stoppage; and in the same manner returned to Croydon. In the first instance, it was demonstrated that there was a perfect command of the machinery: the stops were readily and easily made, and the train started again at its former speed, requiring no period of time nor distance of miles to get up steam; but going off at once, as before, with the admission of the atmospheric impulse. We found the motion very equable and agreeable; and curves, such as we had never seen on any other rail, were passed as freely and satisfactorily as if they had been straight lines. The incline of the bridge, too (represented formerly as an obstacle), was surmounted with the utmost facility, though at no less a gradient than 50 to 1. The five miles between Croydon and the Dartmouth Arms were done, respectively, in six minutes, or at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The expedition was conducted by Mr. Samuda and Mr. Pym; and nothing could be more decisive than its result. For light trains and personal traffic we should imagine it presents striking advantages; and we were assured that, by means of increased frequency in the despatches, it might be as eligibly applied to the transport of heavy goods, cattle, cavalry, &c. &c. In many instances, therefore, as between the atmospheric and the steam motive power, it becomes a matter of comparative expense, into which we have no data to guide us, and accordingly leave this simple statement to the consideration of all whom it may concern, which we take to be the public at large throughout the empire.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

March 2d.—The president in the chair. "On crystallography, with a description of a goniometer and crystallonome, or instrument for studying crystals, in reference to their gubernatorial axes," by Dr. Leeson. The author commenced by observing that discriminative chemical researches have not received that assistance from crystallography which might reasonably be expected from the natural distinction of form peculiar to various different substances.

The particular design of the author's present paper was to introduce greater facility and simplicity in the classification and determination of crystalline forms, both by improved methods of observation, and also by a system of classification founded on the three gubernatorial axes, for the happy discovery of which we are indebted to Weiss, by whom, however, as well as by others who have

succeeded him, systems have been proposed by no means realising that simplicity and perfection of which the fundamental principle is believed to be susceptible. To prove that the nomenclature and classification of the different authors were both confused and complicated, various tables were referred to, shewing the systems respectively adopted by them. By referring to which it was apparent that different authors used the same terms for totally different fundamental forms; and also that by many of them terms were employed which, having reference simply to the number of planes bounding a given system, were, in fact, as subsequently demonstrated, applicable to every class and order, and therefore not *discriminative* of any one in particular. Any one who may have carefully examined the first crystals depositing from solutions of different substances, will be struck by the general prevalence of the prismatic or hexahedral form, or of some modification thereof; at the same time, he will observe great variety in the number of planes bounding many of the crystals. Under the microscope he will not only be struck by the general prevalence of parallelograms, or sections of the prismatic forms, as well as hexagons, triangles, and other sections, resulting from hemihedral modifications, but also by the *prima facie* similarity of the sectional forms presented by totally different substances. It is in the discrimination of these forms that the principles of classification now about to be proposed, and the goniometer subsequently described, are peculiarly applicable.

Before describing the system itself, the author requested to explain an instrument which he exhibited, and stated he had contrived some years ago, for the purpose of studying the relative character of crystals derived from different positions and lengths of the three gubernatorial axes, and for which instrument he requested to be allowed to propose the name *crystallonomer*. The author shewed, with that instrument, that whatever be the length and relative position or inclination of the three axes, a prism or hexahedron must necessarily result from a set of planes terminating the extremities of the respective axes, such planes terminating one axis, and being parallel to the other two axes. These planes were represented by a contrivance for attaching pieces of stiff paper or card-board to the extremities of the axes. The author then shewed that an octahedron must necessarily result in every case from a set of planes cutting all three axes, and which octahedron might easily be built up and represented by threads connecting the extremities of all the axes. The construction of other forms was also demonstrated.

The crystallonomer, although constructed with only three zones placed at right angles to each other, is nevertheless capable of shewing the position of the axes in every class, even where all the axes are oblique; this was illustrated by the instrument itself. It was also shewn, that whatever be the class and order of a crystal, there are always two zones in which all three axes will be found. It having been already stated, that the three gubernatorial axes form the basis of the proposed system, it will be evident that the discriminative principles of the system must be dependent on the position and length of the respective axes. Since the relative position of the axes occasions the greatest difference in the appearance and character of a crystal, it seems natural to take that as determining the class; and we shall find that as regards this distinctive character, there are but three classes to which the variation of position can give origin, viz.:—1, where all the axes are situated at right angles to each other; 2, in which one axis is at right angles to the other two, which are obliquely placed as regards each other, one rectangular axis and two oblique, being, in fact, the same as though we represented it as two rectangular axes and one oblique; 3, in which all the axes are oblique to each other.

We have thus three classes, which we term respectively:—1, rectangular; 2, right oblique;

3, oblique; and these we again subdivide into three orders, dependent on the relative length of the axes, viz.:—1, all the axes equal; 2, two axes only equal, the third being longer or shorter than the other two; 3, all the axes of different lengths. These orders we term—1, equiaxial; 2, bineaquaxial; 3, inequaaxial.

With these three classes and three orders we obtain nine distinct crystalline bases, which, the author trusts, will be found easy to remember and simple to distinguish. Generally speaking, few substances will be found to crystallise in forms belonging to distinct classes or orders. Without, however, passing any opinion on the subject of dimorphism, the author shewed, by reference to the native crystals of sulphur, and also those obtained by fusion, that, according to the system now proposed, sulphur cannot be considered as dimorphous, the native crystals being, in fact, modifications of the octahedrons, or the rectangular inequaaxial system; whilst those of fusion are prisms or hexahedrons belonging to the same system. Both were exhibited to the meeting, and the goniometer, subsequently described, applied to the measurement of the angles of the crystals of fusion. Whilst a chemical substance usually crystallises in forms pertaining to the same class and order, it may nevertheless, as has been already shewn, assume a great variety of forms, if reference be had only to the number of bounding planes; and these forms constitute what may be termed the genera of the author's system, which were shewn by reference to diagrams, as also the symbolic notation recommended by the author.

The author concluded by exhibiting his goniometer, consisting of a double refracting prism, placed in a vernier revolving round a graduated circle, and applicable either to the microscope or to crystals placed on any convenient stand. He stated, that in most cases of crystallisation, particularly under the microscope, some crystals will be observed presenting the prismatic or hexahedral form; and knowing that the gubernatorial axes of any prism must terminate in the centre of the sides of that prism, we are at once directed to the position and length of the axes in any given crystal; whilst, by examining the angles formed by the sides of the parallelogram constituting the section of the prism with the goniometer, we may determine the inclination of the several axes. In all natural octahedrons formed by inaxial planes, the axes will be found, as shewn by the crystallonomer, by taking the points where four planes meet. Although octahedrons may be mathematically formed by biaxial planes—that is, by bending in the sides of the prism—it is believed that such octahedrons do not occur in nature, as it would contradict the general laws of symmetry, inasmuch as that, whilst the perpendicular axis terminated at the meeting of four planes, the middle and transverse axes would be situated in the centre of an edge bounding two planes—a state of things that could not certainly occur in the regular system; the general condition of natural symmetry being, that whatever disposition takes place at any one extremity of an axis of equal length, the same will take place at its other extremity, and also at the extremities of every other axis of equal length.

2. "On the influence exerted by electricity, platinum, and silver, on the shining of phosphorus," by Dr. C. F. Schoenbein. The shining of phosphorus in atmospheres containing free oxygen is believed by the author to be intimately connected with the formation of the oxidising body ozone, and to cease in circumstances in which that substance is no longer produced; as, for example, at very low temperatures. Since, however, ozone can be generated even at these low temperatures by the agency of electricity, it was thought possible that the electrical brush might confer, while it lasted, the property of shining upon phosphorus rendered dark by cold. Upon trial this was found to be the fact. In one experiment, at the temperature of 2° Reaumur, a piece of phosphorus placed opposite to the end of

a wire from whence a brush of positive electricity was issuing became brilliantly luminous. The effect was still more striking in the second case, in which the phosphorus was enclosed in a wire spiral with a projecting point, put in connexion with the positive conductor of the machine. A long tail of phosphorescent light was produced, very beautiful in appearance. The shining was interrupted by the cessation of the brush, either immediately or very shortly afterwards. The presence of a minute quantity of olefiant-gas, vapour of ether, hyponitrous or sulphurous acid, &c., totally annulled the shining of the phosphorus, even under the influence of electricity. Platinum black, and spongy metallic silver, conferred luminosity upon phosphorus in contact with them at 4° and 6° below zero of Reaumur. These bodies are known to produce oxidising effects.

3. "On struvite, a new mineral," by Mr. G. L. Ulex. Mr. Ulex states that numerous crystals of this substance were found in digging out the ground of St. Nicholas Church, at Hamburg. The primary form is the right rhombic prism, measuring $5\frac{1}{10}$; the s. g. is 1.7; harder than talc, and sparingly soluble in water. When heated, they phosphoresce, and before the blowpipe fuse into a colourless glass. Upon analysis, Mr. Ulex found these crystals to consist of $\text{NH}_4\text{O} + \text{MgO}^2 + \text{PO}^2 + 12\text{H}_2\text{O}$, and is therefore the ammonio-magnesian phosphate, the same salt which is found in animal concretions and in putrefying urine. This substance was found in a mass of peat-earth mixed with a quantity of catdung, which extended to a depth of 26 feet upon gravel, and here and there a blue earth was present (the earthy phosphate of iron). Mr. Ulex then gave an analysis of this earth, considered as the matrix of these crystals, and concluded by speculating upon the cause of their formation. It is named struvite, in honour of the Minister Von Strüve, a well-known mineralogist.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, PARIS.

March 16th.—M. Pelouze reported on the chemical researches of M. Gobley in regard to the yolk of eggs. The new analyses of M. Gobley confirm the composition of *vitielline* given by MM. Dumas and Cahours. The fatty liquid matter called egg oil, the chemical nature of which was very little known, is stated to consist of margarine, oleine, cholesterine, and two colouring matters. It does not, as hitherto supposed, contain the smallest portion of sulphur or phosphorus, and differs only from other fatty bodies in the presence of cholesterine. The combination in which the phosphorus exists appears to be first ascertained by M. Gobley. When the dried yolk is treated with alcohol or ether, besides the egg oil a soft compound matter, a "viscous matter," is obtained; and it is in this substance, a true ammoniacal soap, that the phosphorus is found; it is there mixed with margarine and oleic acids in the state of phosphoglyceric acid, which is easily separated by lime-water; the filter retains the oleate and margarate of lime, and allows the calcareous phosphoglycerate to pass. One of the commission had already found phosphoglyceric acid, the properties of which are analogous to those of sulphoglyceric acid; but no one thought that this acid, hitherto produced exclusively by art, could exist in nature. M. Gobley has proved that it exists in the yolk of egg, and that the phosphoglyceric acid extracted from the egg is perfectly identical with that obtained directly by the union of glycérine and phosphoric acid. M. Gobley's memoir is to be inserted in the *Recueil des Savants étrangers*.

M. Laurent, in his own and in the name of M. Gerhardt, read a memoir on the mellonic combinations, with a view to decide the question between them and other chemists, especially M. Liebig. The matter immediately in dispute is, the truth of the propositions set forth by them, or the falsity of the experiments of Liebig, on mellon, sulphocyanogen, and their derivatives. The authors assert, 1st, that mellon is not, as admitted by Liebig, a binary

compound, like cyanogen; for, besides carbon and azote, it contains one and a half per cent of hydrogen, and is represented by $C^6H^3N^2$. 2d, mellon does not unite itself with potassium, purely and simply, as Liebig admits; but the combination disengages ammonia, and the product constitutes a bi-basic salt, $C^6H^3N^2M^2$. 3d, mellon proceeding from the calcination of the persulphocyanhydric acid dissolving in potash does not yield a mellonuret, as Liebig states; but it produces a tribasic salt, $C^6H^3N^2M^3O^3$, taking up hydrogen and oxygen at the same time that it developed ammonia. 4th, the sulphocyanogen of Liebig does not enclose only sulphur, carbon, and azote, but also hydrogen—it is not the radicle of the sulphocyanurets. 5th, the composition attributed by Liebig to mellon is false, this substance being a mixture of potash and mellon. 6th, the matter dissolved cold when potash acts upon mellon for the calcination of persulphocyanhydric acid is not, as M. Liebig says, mellonhydric acid, but ammelide. 7th, the composition assigned by Liebig to chlorocyanamide is false; its true formula is $C^6H^3ClN^2O$. 8th, chlorocyanamide is not decomposed under the influence of heat only in sal ammoniac and in mellon, but also in chlorohydric acid. 9th, the new body lately announced by Liebig, as formed by urea, is already known as ammelide; it presents the composition admitted by Gerhardt. 10th, the theory of Liebig upon mellonic combinations is completely false; and the propositions of the authors are confirmed by the facts rectified by them.

Other chemical communications were read, presented chiefly by M. Dumas. One of them was a memoir by M. Peligot, on the atomic weight of uranium. By a first determination, the author had found 760; Ebelmen, since, 742.87; M. Wertheim, 748.36. On the other hand, Berzelius gives preference to 780. M. Peligot has noticed several new experiments; and all confirmed his first result, 760.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, March 19.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—C. Hawkins, Christ Church.
Masters of Arts.—Rev. T. P. Tufnell, Wadham College;
 Rev. W. D. Bathurst, W. Everett, fellows of New College;
 Rev. A. St. John Midway, fellow of Merton College;
 Rev. G. R. Moncrieff, Balliol College.
Bachelors of Arts.—T. W. Shaw, Exeter College; W. Wilberforce, St. Mary Hall.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Resignation of the President: the Row!

Our last *Gazette*, in which we introduced the disturbed state of this ancient body to the public, will have prepared our readers for a farther elucidation of the uproar. On Thursday evening, Lord Mahon, V.P. in the chair, the room was consequently crowded with members; and as soon as the brief routine business was gone through, a letter was read from the President, the Earl of Aberdeen, announcing his wish that, at the approaching anniversary on St. George's Day, the Society would proceed to the election of a successor to fill his place. His lordship expressed how strongly he felt the honour of presiding over such an institution, alluded to his public duties, and grounded his Resignation on the present state of the Society, which seemed to him to require a president who could bestow more time and attention to its affairs. Mr. Pettigrew then moved, and Mr. A. J. Kempe seconded, a resolution expressing the high estimate in which the Society held his lordship, and their regret at his feeling it necessary to resign. After some little discussion as to the form of this resolution, it was passed unanimously.

This matter being disposed of, the Chairman proceeded to read a communication from the Council to the Society relative to the appointment of an Assistant Secretary, and the other proceedings which were arraigned at the previous public meet-

ing, as reported in our last. In this paper the Council announced their determination to abandon the obnoxious Resolution; but instead of fairly meeting the real question at issue, viz. the breach of the charter, they avoided it, by entering upon some statements of their right to make grants of money—a charge of infringing which, it may be observed, was not brought against them. Mr. Lott, who had ably brought the business forward on the previous occasion, called the attention of the Society to "the extremely ungraceful manner" in which the Council had attempted to get out of the difficulty. He remarked on the distinct breach of the fundamental charter, as well as of the laws of the Society, and pointed to one particular law which guarded against any misunderstanding of this sort, by ordering all elections of officers to be made at general meetings. Lord Mahon, on the part of the Council, and in reference to their communication, waived the great point at issue, and noticed that doubts were entertained by certain parties as to the extent of legalities and illegalities; but these, of course, the words of the charter must decide. The discussion appeared to be dying away, as the object had been given up, when Mr. Thoms rose to offer some explanations of the part he had taken; which ended by disclosing the strange fact, that the whole proceeding had originated in, and been carried through by, Mr. Albert Way, the Director.* It appeared that Mr. Way had procured this "job" (as it was openly denounced in the room) to be brought before the Council, without previous notice to either of the Secretaries (though virtually to supersede one of them), or to the Treasurer, or to the members in general; and that the Council, thus taken by surprise, hastily passed the Resolutions. The consequence, was, that Mr. Thoms, advised of his election by Mr. Way, the next morning addressed a letter to Mr. Carlisle, the Secretary,† informing him of the act of the Council, and of his desire to co-operate with him.

These disclosures by Mr. Thom led to the re-opening of the debate, and very severe observations on the conduct both of the Director and of the Council which had been so influenced were made by Mr. Pettigrew, Mr. Hunter, and others, who animadverted especially on the impropriety of attempting to deprive the Society at large of its chartered rights, and the opportunity of taking into consideration the duties attached to the important office of Secretary, and the qualifications of any candidates who might be proposed to fill that situation.

During the discussion, Mr. Way sat perfectly silent; and, with the exception of Mr. Thoms, no member rose to justify proceedings which went to nullify the Society and elude the provisions of its charter, in order to serve individual views. Several efforts were made to interrupt the speakers and put an end to their observations; but Lord Mahon discharged the functions of the chair with so much impartiality and dignity, that the whole was conducted to a close in a very satisfactory manner. His lordship also declared that the Council did not intend to take any further steps in this business.

This debate having, in fact, disposed of the main question, the adjourned debate of the last meeting (see *Literary Gazette*) was brought under notice by the Chairman reading another communication

* The "Director" appears in this turmoil not to be deviating from his title, and to be very unlucky in his concern with any society in which he takes a lead. He did not destroy, but he made a quarrel and division in, the Archaeological Association, which has only been surmounted by great talent and energy; and in the present instance, if not stopped in the initiative, would either have got the complete control of, or ruined, the venerable old and Royal Society of Antiquaries. The resignation of the President is one of the effects; and if the course be persevered in, "worse remains behind."

† We are grieved to remark on the style in which Mr. Thom spoke of Mr. Carlisle's infirmities in his presence, though possibly out of his hearing; for deafness is the imperfection alluded to in the venerable Secretary of nearly forty years. In other respects, we believe, he is in full possession of his faculties; and if these things are reported in detail, they must inflict pain and mortification upon him.

from the Council, to the effect that they had acted upon the recommendation respecting the sending out of the annual house-list to all the members a week before the day of election. Thereupon some slight remarks were made, and the amendments, &c. were withdrawn.

[Upon another cause of much unpleasantness we have received the following; and as the gruel is already so thick and slab that no new ingredient can render it more unpalatable, we insert it in the hope that the "hell-broth" may be utterly stirred out, and a wholesome kettle set up in place of the bubbling caldron.]

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—A few weeks ago I called your attention to the not very decent attempt to force upon the Society of Antiquaries a gentleman holding a subordinate place in the British Museum, who had been suspended as a candidate and black-balled in a full meeting the week before. As the day for the second ballot for this gentleman approaches (Thursday next), Mr. Hawkins and one or two gentlemen in the Museum are not only making private applications by word of mouth and by letters (several of which are being publicly shewn about), in which improper motives are imputed to individuals, incorrect statements made, and even threats held out, but it has been also stated in print that the members of the British Archaeological Association are black-balling those of the Archaeological Institute in the Society of Antiquaries. As one of those who voted against Mr. Vaux, and as a member of the B.A.A., I beg the favour of being allowed to assert that this is altogether untrue. When we went to hold an Antiquarian meeting at Winchester last summer, some gentlemen employed themselves there in poisoning the minds of the citizens and clergy against us, in order that we might meet with a bad reception; and this was so effectually done, that an affront was even offered to our president by the clergy of the cathedral, when, with the members of the Association, he would have shewn his respect to them by attending service. The name of Mr. Vaux of the British Museum was in everybody's mouth, as the most active person employed in the manner above alluded to: a Mr. Newton was also named. Now, sir, I think every one will acknowledge that conduct like this is perfectly unpardonable among men of letters and science. We would rather not have for one of our associates a person who has already signalled himself by his aptitude for making mischief among antiquaries, and our reason for voting against Mr. Vaux is the wish to keep mischief out of doors. Moreover, we think that subordinate officers in the British Museum are not the most eligible persons for the honour of F.S.A. No attempt has been made, nor, I am certain, will be made, to black-ball any member of the Archaeological Institute. If there were any black balls given against the Bishop of Oxford, as I understand there were, it was by a few persons who think that a bishop ought not to be admitted, as a peer of the realm; but I know that active exertions were made by the members of the Association to allay this feeling.

Who is it that is introducing dissensions and ill-will into the Society of Antiquaries? Mr. Way and his friends, who have done everything in their power to compromise the Society in the archaeological dissensions which they have stirred up out of doors, and who have now been attempting to trample upon the public opinion of the society. The society has, however, already shewn that it possesses the spirit of resistance. I will only add, that this attempt to force a member upon the society, joined with the method in which it has been done, is the most indecent proceeding that I have witnessed since I had the honour to be

AN F.S.A.

London, March 24, 1846.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

March 25th.—Meeting of the Council.—Eight associates and three corresponding members were

elected. A communication from Mr. Fitch, of Ipswich, was laid on the table, respecting the discovery of a very curious crypt and chapel in the parish of St. Lawrence in that town, which he has ascertained from old documents to have been the residence of the chantry-priests.—Mr. Croker read a letter from Captain Smithett, of Dover, inclosing a communication (with a drawing) from the commandant of the artillery at Calais, respecting an old cannon recently found there, apparently not older than the age of Louis XIV.—A letter was read, calling the attention of the Association to the plan proposed for tunnelling for a railroad through or near Greenwich Park, which, if carried into effect, would produce such a tremulous motion as to render accurate observation in the observatory very uncertain. Greenwich Observatory has now some claim upon attention as a national monument; and as the subject, though not strictly within the scope of an Antiquarian Association, was nevertheless one of much public importance, the Council ordered that communications on this subject be made by the secretaries to the Admiralty, and to the Royal and Astronomical Societies.—A communication was read from Mr. Edwin Keats, calling the attention of the Association to the Roman and other remains of the city of Chester, to the examination and preservation of which he thinks sufficient attention has not been directed. A letter from Mr. John Purdue, jun., was read, accompanied by a cast in lead from an original ticket worn in the seventeenth century by the persons who received alms from the parish of Romsey. Further communications were received relating to the preservation of the Roman amphitheatre at Dorchester; and it was remarked with satisfaction how active a part Lord Shaftesbury had taken in supporting the endeavours of the Association. Mr. Smith exhibited casts of two inedited British coins in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Alfriston; one, an evident copy from a Greek type, was found in Burwell Fen in Cambridgeshire. Mr. Hartley Knight exhibited, through Mr. Planché, four early and curious seals, apparently Italian, which were referred for further examination. Mr. Croker exhibited a seal from his own collection, said to be the seal of the masons of Glastonbury Abbey, and the seal in silver of Concanagh O'Rahilly, a curious relic of Irish antiquity, presented to him by the Archdeacon of Cork. Mr. Smith reported a visit made, in company with Mr. Fairholt, to Colchester, and described some very curious antiquities discovered there, particularly in the garden of the Rev. James Round, where excavations had been made at that gentleman's expense. These discoveries, it was stated, would be the subject of an article in the number of the Journal now in preparation. Mr. Croker exhibited a 'cramp ring,' found at Cloumel in Ireland on the finger of a skeleton of one of Cromwell's soldiers, bearing the inscription, NOT VALVE BVT VERTV. At the commencement of the meeting, Mr. Wright read a communication from the president, Lord Albert Conyngham, condoling with the Council on the loss which it had sustained by the sudden death of the Hon. Ridley Colborne, one of its most zealous members. This melancholy event cast a damp upon the meeting.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Chemical (anniversary meeting), 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—British Archaeological, 8½ P.M.
Thursday.—Zoological, 3 P.M.; Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

REMARKABLE FEAT IN METAL-CASTING.

We have from time to time described the progress made by Mr. Wyatt in casting the stupendous Wellington equestrian group, the largest work in

bronze ever executed; and we think one of our latest notices was that of a party of eight having dined conveniently within the cavity of the horse's hind-quarters. But after all that had been done, there came an operation of unexampled extent, difficulty, and uncertainty. This consisted in the uniting together by fusion of the two great divisions in which the horse had been cast. A few inches is perhaps the limit hitherto of such a work; but here there must be a girth of molten brass (several tons), to the length of twelve feet, poured into the junction in such a manner as to fuse each adjacent side, and combine the whole into one solid mass. The contrivance of a mould for the reception and application of the run from the furnace was exceedingly ingenious, and, as the experiment turned out, perfectly successful. From the belly to half way up the sides the horse is as completely united as if it had been cast in one piece; and the upper portion of the body will offer no obstacle like that which has been overcome in the inferior portion of the circle. This splendid undertaking may now, therefore, be deemed to be beyond the reach of danger; and so nearly finished, that we trust the public authorities and committee will lose no time in having it erected. The world has nothing of its kind to match this production of art.

Patrick Macdowell, Esq., R.A.—It is said that prophets are rarely honoured in their own country, but we rejoice to cite an example to the contrary in the case of this distinguished Irish sculptor. On revisiting, after a long absence, his native place, Belfast, the Fine Arts Society gave him welcome, and presented an address at the house of their president, William Thompson, Esq., on the 18th instant, in the presence of the leading members of the Literary and Scientific Association of Belfast—where we have the satisfaction to know both literature and science are as sedulously and successfully cultivated as any where in the British empire. The following are portions of the address, &c. on this grateful and interesting occasion:

"Although long absent from your native place, your growing celebrity has made your name familiar to us, connected as it is with works so eminent for grace and feeling, embodying delineations of humanity under its most pleasing aspects, and appealing to the more refined and higher sensibilities of our nature. In the appointment, lately conferred on you, of Royal Academician, you have received the highest distinction conferred on art, in the metropolis of the British empire. The Fine Arts Society of Belfast have no honour to confer worthy of your acceptance; they can only offer to you their most sincere wish, that you may long continue to enjoy, in health and prosperity, the position in art you have so honourably attained."

To this Mr. Macdowell modestly replied: "I return you my best thanks for this most kind, and, to me, most gratifying, expression of your regard. Believe me, I but feel the greater debt of gratitude, from the consciousness that the honour now done me is much beyond any merit I can lay claim to. So flattering a compliment, from the most talented men of my native town, is, I assure you, dearer to my feelings than any I have ever received. I beg once more to thank you, from my heart, for your much-valued good wishes for my welfare."

PANORAMA OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The private view of this fine and interesting Panoram, by Mr. Burford, took place yesterday. The subject is as full of beauty and variety as it is possible to conceive, and is executed with the utmost skill and effect. The vast city, with its splendid mosques and minarets; the suburbs displaying every form of the picturesque in foliage, water, mountain, foreground, and distance; shipping and boats; in short, all that can render a picture of the kind delightful is combined in this

* Talented is a vile phrase: but let it pass, as this is not a matter for criticism.—*Ed. L. G.*

panorama. The mosque of the Sultan Bajezet and the vessels in the blue sea beyond, and the Seraskier's Tower, are especially worthy of admiration; but the whole design is excellent. It is more than twenty years since there was an exhibition of the same magnificent capital.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, March 23d, 1846.

I PROMISED you, certainly with the intention of redeeming my word, to complete this day your information on the exhibition. But I prefer postponing the task; and this for a reason which you will not fail to understand. Some topics, in themselves most interesting, become egregiously boring when, multiplied in every direction, they have for a whole week tired out your ears and your mind. The Athenian who sent Aristides into exile, because he had too frequently called him "the Just," was perhaps not so perverse as we should be at first inclined to consider him. Perhaps he had the mind more refined, the ear more fastidious, than most of his fellow-citizens; and also, doubtless, less respect for those imposing prejudices which, in all nations of the world, screen a certain mass of commonplace. He was a bad judge; for a judge is, above all, the creature of established ideas; but he was, in a certainty, a knowing fellow, a witty fellow, a true dilettante, with whom variety in pleasure was paramount to aught else.

If you have no objection, instead of paintings, we will review the first three volumes of a collection which will find favour in the eyes of bibliophiles with limited means. The *Bibliothèque de Pele*, published by the Editeur Paulin, will condense in each of its ten volumes the curiosities which erudition delights in gathering from old and modern works:—curiosities of literature, biographical curiosities, bibliographical curiosities, &c. &c. It is something like Disraeli's book; but extended to other subjects than literature, properly speaking. Such as singular deaths, queer epitaphs, eccentric titles of books, pseudo princes (Smerdis, Ariarath, Agrippa, even that impostor Nero, who is spoken of by Suetonius, a false Constantine, a false Diogenes Leon, a false Alexis, a false Mustapha, &c. &c.), mysterious personages, celebrated eunuchs, warlike women, historical prejudices, and singular testaments.

You may easily conceive that learned personages can find in such a compilation many things new to them. As for others (*beati pauperes*!), it is quite dazzling to them. Imagine an honest man who is now told that the younger Dionysius never was a schoolmaster at Corinth; that the continent Scipio was a dissolute rake, against whose morals the satire of Nevius was justly directed; that Demosthenes and Horace were both courageous men, while, on the other hand, Socrates was a regular poltroon; that Charles the Simple, when he ceded Neustria to Rollo (94), never gave him in marriage his daughter Giselle, and for this reason, that he had no daughter. Is there not enough in all this to astonish the weak mind of the unprepared reader? What will it be, if it is added, that Blanche de Castille, the pious mother of Saint Louis, had, in her lifetime, an exceeding bad reputation, and that your chronicler, Matthew Paris, was enabled to accuse her, with all the appearance of truth, of a scurrilous intrigue with the Roman cardinal De Saint-Ange? In fact, a thousand such surprises, of which the least is not to learn that Raphael died of inflammation of the chest, and not of love, as it is repeated in every direction, with maledictions on the head of *La Fornarina*. The fact is, that here is the account of Raphael's death described by one of his contemporaries, and translated in a manuscript in the possession of Cardinal Antonelli:

"Raphael Sanzio was of a most noble but delicate complexion. His life hung on a very slight thread in point of bodily strength, because he was all mind, besides that his physical force was much

impaired, so that it was a matter of wonder that it could have sustained him during even so short a life. One day, then, being in a state of great weakness while at the Farnesino, he was ordered to repair immediately to the pope; so running fast on his way there, that he might not be behind time, he reached the Vatican without stopping, out of breath and in excessive heat; and there standing in spacious rooms and conversing lengthily on the construction of St. Peter's, the heat of his body was checked, and he was suddenly taken ill on the spot. Afterwards, having retired home, he was attacked with a malignant fever, which conigned him prematurely to the grave."

This is not all. Galileo, my dear sir, never was immured in the cells of the Inquisition during those three years so much lamented by all scientific people, and which have inspired poets with so many maledictory adjurations against religious despotism. He was a prisoner barely during a fortnight. After this he was sent back to the ambassador of Tuscany, Niccolini, and was enjoined to recite during three years the seven penitential psalms. His sentence, it is true, dictated a perpetual imprisonment; but he was assigned as a prison the palace of the archbishop of Sienna, Piccolomini, his pupil and friend; and a few months later the pope allowed him to return to his country-house, near Florence.

A curious chapter, and one which is not wanting in philosophical importance, is the one entitled "History of the Liberty of Writing." The eloquent advocacy of Crematius Cordus is found in it, as well as the less known history of Louis Berquin, that friend of Erasmus whom Noel Beda, syndic of the Sorbonne, caused to be condemned, by twelve commissioners of the parliament, to be burnt alive, on account of some ill-sounding doctrines. Berquin, though protected by Francis I., and especially by that monarch's sister (Marguerite de Navarre), was burnt on the 22d April, 1529. Later, in 1560, the Cardinal de Guise caused to be hung and strangled a printer who had issued a virulent satire against his house. It was entitled *Le Tygre*, and began by this apostrophe, evidently copied from Cicero: "Enraged tiger, venomous viper, sepulchre of abominations, when wilt thou cease to abuse the youth of our king!"

Martin l'Hommelet—so this obscure martyr of political liberty was called—was insulted, beaten, viuperated by the populace, whose ranks he traversed on his way to the scaffold.

But even greater rigours could not have arrested the expanding movement, which by degrees emancipated public opinion of its bloody trammels. The first, at least the oldest, of our journalists (*Festeille*) alluded to the impotence of such cruel repressions when he so prefaced his journal:—"Earthly power can no more impede liberty in France in making itself heard, than it can bury the sun under earth, or confine it to a hole." Till this truth was thoroughly acknowledged, satirical authors still expiated dearly their freedom of speech. Chavigny, for a libel (*Le Cochon Mitre*) published against Le Tellier, archbishop of Rheims, and brother of Louvois, was taken to the Mont Saint Michel, and there remained during thirty years, pent up in a narrow iron cage. This was in 1689. In 1694 two men were hanged for "having published, bound, and retailed" libels on the secret marriage of Mad. de Maintenon and the king, Louis XIV. *En revanche*, the more they hung, either in reality or in effigy, rebellious or immoral writers, the more were their works relished by the public. It is said of Lamoignon, Lezayer that, having written a work which sold but indifferently, his bookseller came to him complaining, and begging of him to find some antidote to this supineness of the public. Our author, who had good interest at court, made every exertion to get his book put at the *index* (the prohibition of its perusal), and, by this simple stratagem, in the course of a week, achieved the honours of a second edition.

The *Bibliothèque de Poche*, which would have run a great risk in the times it thus recalls of being burnt by the hands of the executioner (for the literary men who have edited it are evidently disciples of Bayle and Voltaire), will not require the aid of such a prohibition to obtain a ready sale. It does not belie its title, and comprises a variety of rare information, curiosities in every shape, which will ingratiate it with everybody.

On the list of dramatic novelty I see nothing, save *L'Ingénue à la Cour*, which I have not already mentioned. It is a comedy in five acts, and in prose, played three days ago at the Odéon. The author is M. Empis, employé of the Liste Civile, and candidate for the Academy. The literary destiny of M. Empis is really amusing to follow. For the space of ten years he was taken for a man of much wit. During ten years, indeed, he wrote plays, very gay, very much liked, and most justly applauded. Verily, these comedies were signed by MM. Empis and *Mazères*. One fine day M. Mazères is appointed to some *sous-préfecture* or other, and devotes himself entirely to the duties of his situation. On that very day M. Empis ceases to be an agreeable author, and all the plays he has since then produced have unfortunately revealed how much a good collaborateur was needed by him. And yet his comedy is grounded on an ingenious plot. In a minor court of Germany reigns a young prince, over whom intriguers of all kinds seek to gain ascendancy. One desires to provide him with a mistress, another to fire him with martial ardour, a third to render himself indispensable by lightening the burden of public business. The Duchess de Linsperg, who, formerly a favourite of the defunct grand duke, has preserved under his successor considerable influence, and who naturally is rather tenacious of that influence, desires to provide with her own hand a wife for the young prince, and ensure thereby a sure and lasting support. But in order that this plan may succeed, the future princess must be without wit, without will, without ambition. And so a noble damsel is selected, in preference, who is regarded in the world as the most quiet, the most unsophisticated of God's creatures,—a little school-girl brought up in a convent, and who could not occasion the slightest umbrage. Unfortunately the ex-favourite has fallen into the same mistake as formerly the Princesse des Ursins. She has inadvertently stumbled upon an Elizabeth Farnèse, who, secretly determined to reign herself, and, besides, aided by circumstances, contrives, the ingenious chit! to bamboozle every body, to mystify the oldest diplomatists and the wily courtiers who presumed they could make her their docile tool. She marries, in spite of them, the young grand-duc; she dismisses the Duchess de Linsperg; in fact, she reigns and governs to the infinite wonderment of her own father and of her foster-sister, who did not give her credit for the remarkable talent in political intrigue which she has displayed so dashingly.

The Odéon, though it cannot rely much upon the success of this comedy, is preparing to present us, in the course of a few very days, with the second tragedy of M. Ponsard, the author of that *Lucrèce* which obtained, two years since, such a brilliant triumph. He has read his new play in several houses, where all accord in commendation of its eminent qualities and tender pathos. The title will be *Agnes de Méranie*. However, let him beware: an after-success is most difficult to achieve for a young man suddenly raised, without transition, from complete obscurity to the most brilliant reputation. Felicien David is a proof of this. The oratorio which I announced to you in my last letter (*Moïse au Sinai*), played Saturday last at the Opera, has met with a complete failure. It was with the greatest difficulty that it obtained to the end that patient hearing which was certainly due to the youthful author of the *Desert*.

M. de Balzac, self-styled on the frontispiece of his works "the most prolific of our romancists,"

and with whom M. Alexandre Dumas might very well dispute this title, had produced nothing for the last six months. The cause of this mysterious silence has at length been discovered. M. de Balzac, nothing daunted by two or three dramatic failures, is leisurely composing a comedy entitled the *Prince*, a Machiavelic comedy in prose and five sophisms, say our minor journals. We are unfortunately authorised to anticipate for the *Prince* the fate of the *Vautrin* and of the *Ressources de Quinola*, pieces damnable and damned if ever there were such. Georges Sand, as badly received as M. de Balzac when she has attempted to produce herself on the stage, has, at least, had the good sense not to expose a second *Costma* to be hissed.

GERMANY.

The law regarding stage-representations in Prussia, to which we had occasion some time ago to advert, has since then undergone a change. It has been greatly modified, the circle of the relations of the House of Prussia having been made smaller. The interdiction imposed on Gutzkow's *Anonym* has been removed by order of the king. There was in this play a Duke of York, uncle by marriage of his present Majesty of Prussia; and in this manner coming within the verbal construction of the law, the piece, as we said, was forbidden throughout the kingdom. Having drawn attention to the exercise of this antiquated law, we feel it a duty to make known with equal readiness the circumstance of its being remodelled.

It is gratifying to see men who have aided to make their country distinguished among the nations receiving the homage of those to whom power and honour has been given. Peter Hess and Schnorr von Carolsfeld have lately received the insignia of the Order of our Saviour from the King of Greece. Both have contributed in no small degree to make German art respected—we use the word advisedly—throughout Europe; and have proclaimed their views of art, not with words, but in works of which their nation may be proud. An order, in itself a bauble, is, however, in this instance, a testimony of admiration for genius—an acknowledgment of respect, which in this form finds expression.

Amongst the interesting works on foreign countries which have appeared here lately, two attracted our notice—that of Dr. Carus, who accompanied the King of Saxony to England; and one by Ida Kohl, *Paris and the French*. The latter is by the wife of the author already so well known both in Germany and England by his agreeable descriptions of the various countries he has visited; and there is a charm about these volumes on Paris which we do not think could have been given but by a woman's pen. The nice discrimination in matters relating to the feelings, the accounts of things which a man might pass by unnoticed, the grace of certain descriptions, would, we think, have enabled us to pronounce decidedly that the book was by a lady, had we not seen her name on the title-page. There is a page or two on the "love" of the English, the German, and the French female heart, abounding in the most delicate touches, and to our views on the matter, very truthful. We give a translation of her remarks on flowers, which we found exceedingly graceful.

"Flowers play an important part in Paris. The Parisian loves flowers; he loves them more than animals. What sweet smile, what graceful words, can a nosegay not win from lovely lips! For the Parisian lady loves flowers too; but she loves them only when grouped together: for her they grow ready-twined in garlands and in posies in the shops of the Boulevards: she loves them only as an ornament, only as the gift that homage offers. Flora is not her goddess—only her handmaid, who decks her head and her bosom: she herself will be the goddess. On entering a ball-room at the end of the season, would one not imagine that

* The translation reviewed in last and present *Lit. Gaz.*

Flora, the lovely one, was multiplied a hundred-fold? What warmth must they possess! In the hair, in the hand, and on the bosom, all is budding in greatest luxuriance. The parts of the garlands are so wondrously interwoven, that one thinks they must have grown so on the bushes; and again, they nestle on the fair temples as if they would never leave them, and had had their place there from all eternity. The colours of the nosegay for the bosom are so tastefully arranged, so melting one into the other, that you fancy the harmonious pencil of Nature herself created this union of tints, had produced this posy-flower; for, like a single flower, the whole grows out of an entwined stalk, and nestles and nods with delight. But the nosegay for the hand consists of wreath in wreath: a wreath of mignonette closes round the violets; round these a circle of roses; then come heliotropes, &c. The Parisian *bouquetières* are celebrated throughout the world, and over the whole province their productions are continually being sent."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

THE resignation of the Presidency of the Royal Society of Antiquaries by the Earl of Aberdeen is much to be regretted, not only on account of the loss to the Society of such a head, but also of the difficulty which must be felt in obtaining a successor adequate to the position, and able and willing to fulfil the duties and courtesies which it ought to entail upon whoever occupies the honourable post. As a fine scholar, and deeply imbued with a knowledge of ancient literature and arts, Lord Aberdeen stands almost alone in the lists of our men of high rank for eligibility to this office; the only drawback lying in the importance and toils of his political station, which could not allow him time for personal attention to concerns of any other description, and especially where his great abilities were requisite to superintend and direct many difficult acts. It will now, therefore, be of greater consequence than ever to the Society to procure a president who is not only possessed of the necessary intelligence and high and firm character, but will devote himself cordially to the restoration of harmony and efficiency in this long-celebrated national body. Other elections must be equally well considered in regard to new vice-presidents, council, and officers, if it be hoped that the Society shall not decline into absolute triviality in its proceedings and cliquy in its management. We have heard the names of Lord Prudhoe and Lord Braybrooke mentioned; but we know not on what authority. Whoever succeeds will do well to look, in most respects, to the example in the Royal Society set by the Marquess of Northampton. His urbanity to all, his liberal measures for promoting a personal and general union among men of every class devoted to intellectual pursuits, and his unceasing application to the good as well as useful offices within the sphere of his influence, are most worthy of imitation in every president of every institution in the empire. If we would put in a guard against an entire following of so excellent and so esteemed a Pattern, it would be to look closely to particular cases, and not suffer a kindness of heart and amenity of disposition to induce a countenance to any partisan proceedings. Occupying a high English and European dignity, to stand aloof from contentions and lend no aid to parties is an essential quality—the station is one to Command, not to Side with or struggle in the ranks. But this is a subject to which we would rather slightly advert than dwell upon; and we conclude by expressing a hope that the present storms in these Societies will lead to a clearance of the atmosphere, and to that degree of order, tranquillity, and peace, which is so indispensable to the beneficial cultivation of sciences, arts, or literature. Scheming and squabbling, interested doings, jealousies, vanities, rivalries, oppositions, and individual wrongs, are hateful throughout every relation in life; but most

unbecoming and injurious of all in Institutions established to enlighten and guide mankind to the noblest perceptions and enjoyments of human nature.

ORIGINAL, AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

COCKLE-BREAD.

THE *Times* of last Saturday contains a curious notice of a very old game, which deserves recording before it be buried in the massy files of that gigantic journal. A witness, whose conduct was impugned as light and unbecoming, is desired to inform the court, in which an action for breach of promise was tried, the meaning of "mounting cockle-bread;" and she explains it as "a play among children," in which one lies down on the floor on her back, rolling backwards and forwards, and repeating the following lines:

"Cockle-bread, mistle-ye cake,
When you do that for our sake."

While one of the party so laid down, the rest sat around; and they laid down and rolled in this manner by turns.

This singular game is thus described by Aubrey and Kennett: "Young wenches have a wanton sport which they call moulding of cockle-bread, viz. they get upon a table-board, and then gather up their knees as high as they can, and then they wabble to and fro, as if they were kneading of dough, and say these words:

"My dame is sick, and gone to bed,
And I'll go mould my cockle-bread!
Up with my heels and down with my head,
And this is the way to mould cockle-bread."

These lines are still retained in the modern nursery-rhyme books, but their connexion with the game of cockle-bread is by no means generally understood. There was formerly some kind of bread called cockle-bread, and *cockle-mels* is mentioned in a very early MS. quoted in Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaisms*, p. 260. In Peete's play of the *Old Wives Tale*, a voice thus speaks from the bottom of a well:

"Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear you make the golden beard to weep.
Fair maiden, white and red,
Stroke me smooth and comb my head,
And thou shalt have some cockle-bread."

Here we have a difficult passage in a well-known early dramatist explained by the evidence of an uneducated rustic girl; and such instances illustrate the use of collecting the quickly vanishing fragments of our provincial customs and language. In the report of the trial, the word *laking*, playing, is used by the same witness,—no vulgar corruption, but the genuine Anglo-Saxon word. It is, however, scarcely necessary to add a remark on the importance of preserving a record of our provincial language while it is yet in our power to do so; and we would fain solicit from our readers any contributions of provincial words or accounts of curious customs, such as the one now described. They may be addressed to Mr. Halliwell, whose interesting labours, in progress, we have above alluded to, care of Mr. Russell Smith, the publisher, in Old Compton Street. We are assured they would be always thankfully received and acknowledged on behalf of the large undertaking now proceeding through the press; and are just such helps and contributions as every true lover of literary archæology would be proud to lend.—*Ed. L. G.*

Dramatic Chapters.

CHAPTER VII.

FALKNER, the Brother of ELLIN, escaped from India, in pursuit of DELMONT—BERTHA, the Heiress of Indworth Castle, his Betrothed.

SCENE—A Library in the Castle of Indworth.

BERTHA. You over-estimate the chance of fortune! What fortune have the birds that sing at morn,
Filling the grove with music and rejoicement?
What fortune claim the flowers beyond the soil,
The little soil, wherein they bloom and perish?
And yet their loveliness pines not more soon
For their sad lack of fortune. What the trees,
That lift as proudly to the skies their heads

As though proclaimed the princes of the land!
Fortune! 'tis a tinsel sound, my Falkner,
And in itself, it is of nought assurance.
Nor love, nor health, nor happiness; for here
Fortune is born of earth, and clings to clay.
'Tis a scant tenure—a poor worldly term:
Love is immortal! happiness, eternal!

FALKNER. Oh, lovely monitress! 'tis well that truth
Is in thy breast as beauty on thy brow,
For the worst counsel would seem best from thee:
I list thy voice and think thy tongue an angel's!
Existence hath no light but beams from thee;
Present and future have no name but thine,
Nor mind, nor memory! Oh, my own beloved!
And yet 'tis madness thus to breathe my soul,
Thus pour its hidden fulness at thy feet:
For wherefore shouldst thou link thy cloudless fate
With my, I fear, but evil destiny!
Better thou bidst me quit thy sight for ever
Than bind thy lot with one so desolate—
So poor—in all so undeserving thee!
Better forgetfulness than such remembrance.
My love is cursed, cursed as the ivy, Bertha,
Which kills the thing it clings to!

BER. No, Falkner, no,
No desolate—my heart shall be to some;
Not poor—I hold my wealth but for thy service;
Not cursed, my Falkner, no! for I will bless thee.
Thou knowest not that the love shined in my heart,
What it would do, not do, to make thee happy!

[Pauses, then speaks half reproachfully.]
Methought thou hadst overcome those darker moods
Which shook thy spirit when I knew thee first,
And that thy night had found at length love's morn,
Love's morn of roses—roses whose glad hue
Seemed as an angel's cheek had pressed them last;
And now thy thoughts, as they were mourners, sit
Wailing the death of hope within thy heart.

FALK. [starting]. Death? speak'st thou of death, my
Bertha?

Tell me, my love, believ'st thou aught in omens?

BER. If they be good, not else.
FALK. Say, didst thou note this morn?
How beautiful the God of Light awoke,
Rose with surpassing glory; his bright head
Crowned with immortal rays, that all the East
Lifted its golden voices, and was glad!
Forth beamed the god o'er pearl and purple cloud,
That as enamoured of his presence seemed;
And Morn, all blushes, spoke her happiness.
Thus looked the time; when scarce few moments fled,
And, lo! bright Phoebus lay as in a shroud.
Black clouds, like mourners, swept in funeral train,
And Morn, sweet Morn, like a young widow, wept,
Where last the footsteps of her god had passed.

BER. A weeping dawn oft makes a laughing day;

Thy feeling seems to feed on things of gloom;

This is not wise nor just to Providence:

Call Fancy to bring forth her brighter hues,

Walk on the golden-sanded shores of Hope!

Strike thy false prophet from his temple down,

And set up Truth, heart-smiling Truth, instead.

Omens? I'll conjure twenty, have but patience.

Listen:

I had a bird, a little graceful bird,

Its cage was like a fairy palace stored,

But still it seemed unhappy; still its beak

Beat 'gainst the glittering wires impatiently,

And all its love—for much it seemed to love me—

Could not restrain its spirit from the air,

The sunny, happy air of liberty.

Though hard to part with my then sole companion,

It took the discontent from its perch,

Kissed its cold, glossy beak, and bade it go.

You listen, love?

FALK. I do; 'twas like yourself!

BER. Next morn a tapping at my casement brought!

It was my bird, and in its beak a flower—

A memory of the meadows wandered o'er!

The next day, and the next, some token still!

At last a purple feather at my foot

The fond bird dropped; a little moment perched

Within its cage!—a moment looked around,

And then away, ne'er to return again!

Some love-mate in the woods awaited it,

And in its happy nest it soon forgot

The empty cage o'er which its mistress wept!

An omen, say'st thou? Oh, for eyes, read heart,

And thou'st an omen of forsaken love!

Loving that one who better loves another;

Sowing affections whose sad fruit is tears!

Yet hast thou vowed thou loved not one save me;

Nor cousin, sister—no? is it not so?

FALK. Nor sister! thou shalt hear.

I dreamt I had a sister graced as thou;

As beautiful, yet different in her beauty;

For she was like the twilight, soft and dark;

Thou, like the morning, dowy-eyed and fair;

And as within thy lap my glad cheek lay,

Methought she came and blessed us.

Suddenly,

As though a cloud had swept across the sun,

She looked a corpse! a halo circled her,

And in that light thy face grew cold and fixed!

I turned; beneath my foot the firm earth fell

As in convulsion; with it down I sank,

Thou shrieking for that help which none might give.

BER. Did I not leap the chasm to thy side?

No?

Then 'twas indeed a dream, an idle dream;
No image of our lot; no omen, love,
Which still had held more probability
Than I should live, and yet behold thee die!

Falk. Is then thy love so deep?
Ber. I think time lost that is not found with thee;
Time nothing worth but thus to sit with thee,
To hear thy manly spirit thus discourse,
Speak with an eloquence to capture time,
And make love hang enraptured on thy words.
I've lived alone—much, very much alone—
And long before I knew thee I had formed,
In the romance of my young girlish heart,
A being like thee—speaking, looking, like thee!
But, oh, I am too bold to tell thee this!
'Tis wrong; it had appeared more maidenly
To have concealed, not to have let thee know,
To—

I blush to think how weak I must appear.
Falk. My faithful love, my bride, my now soon wife!
And when thou bear'st my name, my Bertha,
We will away to climes where love may smile,
And make our home in some new paradise,
Which Nature, liberal mother, hath endowed
With loveliness beyond a season's bloom,
Where never memory shall in sables come,
But thou be my presiding deity;
And we will love as we have but one heart,
One mind, one hope, one joy, one happiness!
Shall it be so?

Ber. Even as thou wilt:
What is thy wish is mine; what way suits thee
That way would I still go: thy home still mine.
For, oh, my Falkner,
Affections never wane; when life is o'er,
They take the wings of a diviner world,
And grow immortal!

Falk. My own beloved!
Why speak so sweet, and yet so mournfully?
Ber. It was the echo of thine own dear voice,
Which evermore is sad; as though it pined
For nobler realms, for beings loftier
Where every tone was eloquent of God!
Come! I have flowers to shew, will make thee glad:
Thy gift of plants, they wear their choicest bloom;
I, who believe not in distracting omens,
Have faith in flowers and their inspiring looks;
Come, nay, I will—mark you that rebel word—
I will not have thee and!

[Enter, the endeavouring to cheer FALKNER, who smiles, and leads her out affectionately.]
CHARLES SWAIN.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE HON. RIDLEY COLBORNE.

The premature death of this accomplished young gentleman, at the age of thirty-two, is not only a deep and irreparable loss to his parents and near relatives, but one to be mourned by every lover of Literature and the Fine Arts, to which he was warmly attached, and promised to be a bright and lasting ornament. Of a somewhat delicate constitution, from having burst a blood-vessel a few years ago, he unhappily ruptured it again in consequence of a severe cold, and only survived a few days. We can picture to ourselves no more admirable example of the Order to which he belonged. In person and appearance, few went beyond his attractions; but he won more forcibly, and by much higher qualities, upon the regard and affections of all by his fascinating manners, his social virtues, and his genuine warm-heartedness. He was extremely well-informed, and cultivated intellectual tastes and pursuits with an assiduity very rare in a class born to wealth and rank, and often too successfully wooed from such elevating devotedness by the seductions of pleasure and fashion. He was the only son of Lord Colborne, so distinguished as a connoisseur and patron of Arts and Letters; and we but reflect public feeling when we say, that his death has created a heavy gloom over the circles in which he moved, and is sincerely mourned by all who knew him or were aware of his talents and his worth.

JOHN LISTON, ESQ.

Lost to the public for several years, and latterly suffering so much from ill health as not to be seen beyond his domestic circle, this excellent and popular comedian died on Sunday last, aged sixty-nine. He was of a good Scottish family, being nearly related to Mr. Liston who was British minister at Constantinople, and to Mr. Robert Liston the very eminent surgeon, just elected to one of the highest

offices in the College. Early in life he was, however, in humble circumstances, and an usher in the school belonging to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. From this, his vocation led him to the stage, and his first efforts were in the tragic line. But comedy soon discovered and reclaimed her errant son, and his future career was redolent of humour, fun, and laughter. How peculiar and superior were his talents we need not say: he was a true artist, and all the world acknowledged his almost unrivalled powers to please and amuse. In private life, among his intimate associates, he was even more entertaining; and the admirable Paul Pry of the theatre had yet more piquant jokes for the social circle. It is no time now to write even a brief biography; and we have but, in common with thousands, to lament the extinction of another light of the old school of dramatic excellence. Mr. Liston married Miss Tyrer, a sweet songstress, whose *Dollalolla* will be long remembered; and has left a son in the army, and a daughter, who married Mr. Rodwell, the popular author and dramatist.

MEMOIR OF LIEUT. G. A. CROLY.

AMONG the names of the many gallant officers of our Indian army who fell in the late glorious battles on the Sutlej was that of Lieutenant George Alfred Croly; and as a tribute to his memory, and a satisfaction to his sorrowing family and friends, we copy the following brief memorial of his career:—

Having expressed a decided predilection for the military service, and obtaining a cadetship, he landed in India in October 1841. On his arrival, finding that the regiment to which he was appointed as ensign was not likely to be soon employed on active service, he gallantly exchanged into one of the regiments then under orders to join the army under General Pollock on its march to Afghanistan. The desperate havoc of the first campaign in Cabul had thrown a gloom over India; and the new expedition was regarded by many as a forlorn hope, and by all as a hazardous enterprise. It may be justly regarded as an evidence of honourable zeal to have volunteered for a service in which every step was expected to be won only by severe struggle. In that memorable campaign which retrieved the honour of our arms, Ensign Croly carried the colours of the 26th Regiment of Native Infantry, was present in all its engagements, and at the storming of the fortified mountain village of Istalif, in Kohistan, disarmed one of the enemy who had attacked him in the *mêlée*, and sent his dagger and an Afghan sword to England. The 26th Regiment, on its return from Cabul, was made a Light Infantry corps, as a mark of distinction for its conduct and intrepidity, and its officers received the medals so nobly won by the army engaged in Afghanistan. Yet, in all the fatigues and difficulties of this arduous campaign, Ensign Croly employed both his pen and pencil on the scenes round him, making a detailed and able journal, sketching the aspects of the country, and giving views of the principal actions with a force and fidelity worthy of a practised artist. His drawings were regarded in India as such faithful and vigorous performances, that he was strongly urged to their publication. But by the time of their arrival in England, the public interest in the war had passed away, and the design was abandoned. All those sketches had been made on the spot, and some of them even while the action was going on in other parts of the field.

On the cessation of active service, this young officer, then lieutenant, instead of giving himself up to the relaxations of a time of peace, commenced the study of Persian and Hindustani, and with such success as to pass the examination in both languages for the interpretership. On this subject the following honourable testimony from the commanding officer of the 26th Regiment was addressed to head quarters:—

"Loodianah, Feb. 13, 1845.

"Sir,—With reference to circular No. 1240, from the Adjutant-General's office, dated August 7, 1829,

I have the honour to state, for the information of Major-General Gilbert, commanding the Sirhind division, that Lieutenant G. A. Croly, 26th Regiment Light Infantry, has passed the prescribed examination that qualifies him for the situation of interpreter.

"Lieutenant Croly's attainments appear to me of a superior order. His attention to his duties, with his mild and officer-like behaviour to the natives under his command, will always cause him to be esteemed by them."

[Signed by the proper authorities.]

During all those periods, whether of service or of study, he never failed to correspond with his family. His letters were all that they could desire, always affectionate, always intelligent, often eloquent, and picturesque; with the still higher value of sentiments firm in the faith and hopes of a Christian. In the hot months of last summer he made an excursion to the Himalaya, and occupied his time in making a succession of drawings of the mountain scenery, the habits of the natives, and the incidents of his travel.

One testimony remains—a melancholy but most honourable one—the tribute of his distinguished commanding officer to his memory:

"December 27, 1845, Camp—

"My dear Sir,—In announcing to you the painful intelligence of your noble son's death, I trust your grief may be softened by a knowledge of the gallant manner in which he met his fate, during a rapid advance on the enemy's batteries, when he received the contents of a shell, which must have caused instantaneous death. He was carried to the rear by his own men after life was extinct.

"On the following morning, the 23d, the body was sent into the cantonments of Ferozepore, and buried at that place, in presence of the officers of the 27th Regiment Native Infantry, who attended the funeral; the service of the Church of England being read by Dr. Thompson of the 27th. It may be a satisfaction for you to know the high estimation in which your son was held by his brother-officers, by whom he was beloved, without an exception. I had an opportunity of seeing more of him than most, and felt myself fortunate in enjoying his friendship. His officer-like bearing in the battle of Moodkee on the 18th, and on the 21st at Ferozeshah, was above all praise, and in him the 26th Regiment of Native Infantry have lost one who was a credit to the corps.—Yours, truly,

J. H. HANDSCOME,

Major, commanding 26th Native Infantry.

"To the Rev. Dr. Croly, Rector of St. Stephen's Walbrook."

Thus fell, at the age of twenty-three, an officer whose talents, temper, and heart, gave every promise of distinction in his country's service, and endeared him most to those who best knew him. To his intellectual gifts nature had added an exterior worthy of them—a tall and striking figure, and a remarkably fine and expressive countenance. The will of God must claim submission from his creatures. But to the family of this highly-gifted and gallant being his loss is beyond all earthly consolation.*

MUSIC.

The Beethoven Quartet Society.—This is a new musical association, including, we understand, a number of amateurs, but ranking also among its subscribers a considerable proportion of eminent professional musicians. The second meeting took place on Monday evening, when we attended, and had the pleasure of hearing Beethoven's 3d, 7th, and 15th quartets splendidly interpreted by Sivioli, Sainton, Hill, and Rousselot. If we experienced

* To this exemplary sketch we have only to add our own sincere feelings of sorrow for the heavy and irreparable loss sustained by our eminent friend Dr. Croly; whose productions in many classes of literature, divinity, poetry, fiction, &c. &c. are so universally esteemed, that any peculiar grief of his must create a communion and sympathy throughout the literary world.—Ed. L. G.

any disappointment in the performances of these wonderful compositions, we should raise an objection to the *over-doing of feeling* of these celebrated artists. This is at all times to be avoided, as it gives sudden inequalities of sounds, which interrupt the refined ideas of a composer. Feeling must flow from the heart, and be less a matter of *finger-feeling*: then the mind of the composer will, in the hands of the distinguished artists above named, be thrown out to perfection. We are sure that, if our opinion be correct, those artists will thank us for having pointed out their only fault we could desire to have corrected; and as, when the nature of a sore is discovered, it is half cured, so, we trust, will be the result of having drawn attention to the evil of over-doing feeling or expression. Judging by one concert, we should esteem this society to be the most refined and classical in this country, and conducted in an admirable manner, inasmuch as none but first-rate musicians and amateurs of music are permitted to attend the performances.

We learn by a letter from Staudigl to a London friend that neither he nor Pischek will visit England this season. Their loss will be much felt in the height of the concert season.

Concerts of Ancient Music.—The second concert was given, under the baton of the Duke of Wellington, on Wednesday, when a selection of fine old music was produced, though without any novelty to claim particular notice.

THE DRAMA.

DRAMATIC CRITICISMS.

THE bombastic phraseology which seems to have crept in till it pervades nearly the whole system of what is, conventionally, called dramatic criticism, by the periodical press, is among the amusing features of our passing literature. There is not a week in which there might not be made a collection of such magniloquent words and sentences applied to theatrical affairs as would startle the grandiosity of Dr. Johnson and put to shame the most exalted flights of Demosthenes or Disraeli. The merest mediocrity in acting, fiddling, singing, or dancing, is belaboured with these panegyrics; and we wonder what such scribes could say if great excellence really demanded their eulogies. They must be terribly at a loss, after having expended what Brahm used facetiously to call their *toosyositysm* on indifferent things, how, after the small, to treat the great. But, even given to the highest reach of talent or genius in these departments, such terms are ridiculously nonsensical. At any rate, they ought to be reserved for the foremost histrionic and musical powers—for the lofty tragedian, the most accomplished comedian, the noblest and most learned composer; for those who can conceive and impersonate the great human passions and affections, reflect the subtlest of human humours, or breathe all the deeply hidden charms of harmony into words that burn or melt the soul, or ideas, without words, which, thus expressed, seem to affect our natures with an equally potent and yet more indefinable sway. We may be borne away by superior efforts of these kinds, and feel that we cannot too strongly describe the delight we have experienced; but even here, the *modus in rebus* is preferable to the noise of gasconade and the inflation of turgid verbosity. And what is not best for the best, is bad indeed for the third and fourth rate of performers and performances. A poor play poorly cast, a part poorly acted, a piece of poor music poorly executed (instrumentally or vocally), and a pirouette or jump of many turns or considerable space, do not call for raptures either in audiences or critics. But now there is little else. Every theatre, and every body of any prominence engaged therein, have their trumpeters or touters; and the flourishes about them are "prodigious." The misguided public rush to enjoy the unexampled combination of such rare monsters as the world ne'er saw; and the result is, that the most stolid come away wondering what

other people can find to be so enchanted with in such entertainments. A tidy little girl, for example, made aerial by gauze, leaps across the stage as if, instead of her own well-practised limbs, she were on a pair of those stilts of the *Landes* on which we occasionally see foreign children mounted about the streets; and, ye gods! what a turmoil! The seven-league boots of Jack the Giant-Killer could not create such a sensation; the cork-leg of the unfortunate Dutch burgomaster, which raced him unwillingly round the earth till he leapt so high that he never came down again, would cut a poor caper by the side of this ethereal creature. She is smothered with bouquets on the stage, and buried alive under the inexpressible admiration of the press: no more mortal, she is divine.

How, then, are we to speak of other and far more important matters? Can we descend from the seventh heaven of the mimic boards to the glorious and everlasting emanations of the man of science, the philosopher, the immortal author, poet, sculptor, painter—the creators of works to improve, and bless, and delight their kind in every quarter of the globe and for ages to come? They are the phantoms of such writers as we have referred to; nobodies, beings without shadows, mere emptiness, not to be compared with a successful grinner through a horse-collar, a nymph of the ballet, a crowder of exuberant scrape, or a collector and adapter or arranger of the musical inventions of other artists. This style of rhodomontade is not only offensive to good taste, but a positive evil; for it confounds the meretricious claims of charlatanry and mediocrity with those of glorious intellect and intellectual power, to the general detriment of the truly valuable. The superlatives all used up on trash, leaves nothing but what is cold and unmeaning for real excellence. The art of puffing destroys the just appreciation of merit; and we have at present, in every line and department, so much of mediocrity (to say the best of it), that it becomes more and more necessary to protest against this growing, or rather overgrown, absurdity.

Haymarket.—On Saturday last, a new comedy, in five acts, by R. Sullivan, Esq., was produced for the first time, called *A Beggar on Horseback*. The plot rests principally upon the scheming of a low-minded and ignorant young man, who suddenly appears to be heir-at-law to the property of a rich old uncle; and, after leading a reprobate life at Boulogne, away from his creditors, comes back to England with notions of cutting a dash and marrying a title. This would-be gentleman, *Cymon Foxall*, admirably personated by Mr. Webster, has, however, before absconding, gained the affections of a young lady, *Emmeline* (Mrs. Seymour), whom he supposes to be merely the protégé of the old uncle, but who is in reality his lawful daughter. When he returns at the death of the old man, he does not pretend to forget his promises to her, but coolly tells her he is a great man and must make a great match, though, if she please, she may live under his protection, surrounded by every luxury that his wealth can command. *Emmeline*, indignant and sorrowful, hurries from his house, and wandering along the banks of the Serpentine, is accosted by *Ernest Coverdale*, the son of Sir John Coverdale, into whose family *Cymon* has forced himself, and by means of a heavy mortgage, which he threatens to call in, driven the needy baronet to consent to a match with *Selina*, his daughter, contrary to her wishes. *Ernest*, smitten with the charms and griefs of *Emmeline*, entreats his sister to comfort her, and she is prevailed upon to take refuge in the Coverdale mansion. *Cymon*'s schemes are soon laid bare; but the baronet, fearful of the mortgage, insists upon the marriage of *Cymon* with his daughter. The settlements are prepared, and *Cymon* is high glee, when *Morecroft*, the old steward of the dead uncle (*Farren*), presents himself, and demonstrates that *Emmeline* is the lawful child

and heiress to the large fortune which *Cymon* thought he possessed. The beggar on horseback rushes out, vowing vengeance in a chancery suit, but is waited upon by a writ from his French tailor. The first part of the comedy, though well acted by Mrs. Glover, Tilbury, and Miss J. Bennett, passes off heavily; but in the succeeding acts the interest of the audience is excited by the excellent acting of Webster and Farren. The part of *Morecroft* is a better character than the trembling old men that usually fall to Mr. Farren's lot. The play owes its success chiefly to the reality and truthfulness of the characters, and the circumstances in which they are placed. There is nothing remarkable in the language; the sarcastic bearing upon society is conveyed more by the parallels which the audience draws. The author was called for, and made his appearance, to receive the plaudits of the company.

Princess's.—The *Dreamer*, a new dramatic piece, was produced here on Saturday, Mr. C. Mathews personating the character which gives the name. His acting, aided by Mrs. Stirling's and Mr. James Vining's, could not impart reality to the *Dream*, which wanted force to save it from the worst of stage qualities, sleepy inanition, not to be vivid even by the mercurial liveliness of the performers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SPRING.

I woo thy amorous breath, most gentle Spring,
Kindling the budding leaves and odorous flowers;
The birds break forth into wild joyous songs,
And sunshine mingles with soft fertile showers.
Emblem of youth, of beauty, and of love,
The day expands; the night's contracted reign
Yields to bright Phoebus' vivifying rays,
And light and life deck city, mountain, plain.
Hail, bounteous Nature! Lord of heaven and earth,
May gratitude now fill the yearning soul;
Let us anticipate a heavenly spring,
Existing long as planets' systems roll.
It cannot be that we, the sons of God,
Shall have no second spring, no life divine;
All nature kindles hope that we shall rise—
Buds, trees, fruit, flowers, all give the gracious sign.
EDWIN KEATS.

VARIETIES.

The Westminster Literary Institution observed a grand annual festival last week—the Lord Mayor presiding, and nearly 250 members, &c., surrounding the chair. Mr. Traice, the secretary, read a numerous list of subscriptions to this well-conducted and prosperous establishment; upon which there is, however, the drawback of a considerable debt, which we trust a generous contribution may enable it to discharge.

Viscount Canning, now at the head of the Office of Woods and Forests, has been added to the royal commission for inquiry whether advantage might not be taken of the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament for promoting the fine arts. At present the great question in this respect seems to be, the encouragement of detrimental experiments on flues and chimney-pots by Dr. Reid.

The Pigmy War.—Though F. M. the Duke has said there should be no little wars, his authority appears to be doubted; for another hook-nosed fellow, called Punch, has stated that General Tom Thumb has been recalled to the United States to take the command of the army for the conquest of Oregon. To this intelligence we have only to add a subsequent rumour, that the Spanish Hidalgo (the most remarkable dwarf of all) has been invited to assume the command of the Mexican forces; and that the Cranes in Lower Thames Street and all along the river's banks are up, and ready to overhaul both the pigmy belligerents.

Population Returns.—In the list of births, on Friday or Saturday, in the *Times*, there were fourteen announcements, in which the sexes were very unequal, there being no fewer than twelve girls to two boys, and one of the latter dying immediately. If we are to have wars, and this rate goes on, they must be Amazonian.

The Bal Masque at Covent Garden was crowded as usual, and the theatre gaily decorated. But these things do not improve on repetition, and are, in truth, very loose affairs, in which the lowest characters about town mingle "promiscuously," and even the decency of masks is generally avoided whilst they pursue the orgies of their equivocal callings.

Spanish Plays.—It is stated that a party of Spanish amateurs propose to attempt the representation of Spanish plays in London.

The Niger Expedition, which left Liverpool under Capt. Becroft, of the steamer *Ethiopia*, about two years ago, has not, according to accounts received from Fernando Po, been so successful in its attempt to open commercial relations with Central Africa as was hoped for. The banks of the Niger were distracted by native wars; and the principal town, Rabbah, so flourishing in 1840, was in ruins, and deserted.

Central American Exploration.—We are told that an Expedition to explore the ruins and antiquities of Central America is contemplated under the auspices of the Royal Society; and that the Queen of Spain, the King of the French, and other great personages, patronise it. We have not seen a paper and plan of the design, said to be in circulation in high and likely quarters.

Unpublished Work by Linnaeus.—It is stated in the *Frankfort Gazette des Postes*, that the above scientific treasure has been discovered, which is called the *Nemesis Divina*, and occupied the latter years of the life of the great botanist. The account states that in it he recorded, for the instruction of his son, a number of observations and facts, deduced, in a great measure, from the private life of the person with whom he was acquainted, in order to demonstrate that Divine justice punishes and rewards even in this world. The manuscript is composed of 203 sheets; and in a short preface he recommends in the most formal manner that it should never be published. The University of Upsala, however, purchased it a short time since at the sale of the library of a physician, whose father was employed to arrange the papers of Linnaeus, and have determined that there remains no objection to print extracts from it, which M. Fries, a Swedish botanist, has been appointed to prepare for publication. So much for dying injunctions.

Chatterton's Monument.—The vicar of Redcliffe, Bristol, has caused the monument to Chatterton, erected in the churchyard there six years ago, to be removed!!

Ancient English Fauna.—In excavating for the railway, many splendid geological specimens have been found in the Kimmeridge clay of the Isle of Wight. Amongst the black earth have recently been discovered heads of the wild ox, wild boar, wolf, beaver; and horns of the various deer, more especially of the roebuck. Immense quantities of horns attached to the skulls have been found in Downham Fen.

Toad-in-a-Hole, alias Frog-in-a-Coal.—The *Edinburgh Weekly Register* gives an account of a small lively frog found in the heart of a piece of coal, in a pit near Linlithgow. Its cell was exactly the form of the inhabitant, whose legs were twice as long as those of the common frog, its colour bronze, and it leaped briskly about as soon as liberated from its confinement. The writer of the paragraph says something about its living with Noah, and basking in the same limpid stream with Adam before it got into the coal-hole; but (considering the geological formation and date of that mineral) this part of the news wants confirmation!

Famine in Jerusalem.—Recent accounts from Jerusalem state that city and the country round to be suffering from great scarcity, having during the last season very little rain, and a plague of vermin. The same measure of wheat which cost sevenpence had risen to three shillings; and wheat and rice were daily distributed to prevent the poor from starving.

Storms.—There is some likelihood that the storm

which recently did so much damage in Scotland belongs to a very extensive phenomenon demonstrative of Colonel Reid's theory; for we see by foreign accounts that a similar (if not portion of the same vast circular) tempest raged all along the African coast, in the neighbourhood of Bona, and also did great damage in the interior.

Half a Massacre?—The Paris papers state that Abd-el-Kader gave orders to massacre two French prisons; which barbarous order (as translated into the *Times*) had been "partly carried into effect."

Religious Toleration in China.—A letter has been issued by Keying, the high imperial commissioner of the Celestial Ruler of the Chinese Empire, granting toleration to all sects of Christians throughout the five ports (and, we presume, wherever they are permitted to be), in which this great functionary proclaims the following liberal principles:—"I do not understand drawing a line of demarcation between the religious ceremonies of the various nations; but virtuous Chinese shall by no means be punished on account of the religion they hold. No matter whether they worship images or do not worship images, there are no prohibitions against them, if, when practising their creed, they act well. You, the honourable envoy, need therefore not to be solicitous about this matter, for all western nations shall in this respect certainly be treated upon the same footing and receive the same protection."

Juvenile Amatory Poetry.—For the encouragement and as an example to all young poets in love, we insert the following among our lighter varieties.—Ed. L. G.

To Emilie.

Ah! why did thy fair form arise,
Like some bright being sent from the skies
Emilie!

Thou rudely to seize on my heart,
Cause the peace of my mind to depart
Far from me!

Art thou come my love to ensnare,
But to drive my fond soul to despair?
Say not so!

Oh, look with a pitying eye,
Frown not on me, for then would I die
Of me.

As the sun that, with comforting power,
Shines upon yonder soft blooming flower,
Wet with dew.

So let thy sweet smile now appear
Quick to dry up my heart's bitter tear,
Shed for you.

W. R. C.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We are glad to learn that a Memoir of Thomas Campbell will shortly appear from the pen of Mr. Cyrus Redding, who, we know, for nearly thirty years was on terms of intimate friendship with the distinguished poet.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Sermons preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Foundling Hospital, &c. &c., by the late Rev. Sydney Smith, 8vo, 12s.—Michelet's *The Priests*, &c., and *The People*, translated by Cocks, in 1 vol. square, 3s. 6d.—*Lyrical Compositions* from the Italian Poets, with translations, by J. Glasford, 2d edit. 7s. 6d.—*On Horizontal Water-Wheels*, especially Turbines or Whirl-Wheels, by Moritz Rühlman, edited by Sir R. Kane, 4to, 7s. 6d.—*The Squire's Daughter*; a Tragedy, by A. Park, square, 3s. 6d.—J. A. Wheeler's *Hand-Book of Anatomy for Students*, fcp. 2s. 6d.—*Transactions of the Medical Society of London*, New Series, Vol. 1. 3s.—*Euripides, Hippolytus*, with English Notes, post 8vo, 5s.—*Morning*, and other Poems, by a Member of the Scotch Bar, post 8vo, 6s.—*Rhymes*, by a Poetaster, post 8vo, 10s. 6d.—*Belisarius*, a Tragedy, by W. R. Scott, 8vo, 3s. 6d.—*Letters on the Condition of the People of Ireland*, by T. C. Foster (the "Times" Commissioner), 8vo, 18s.—*Three Lectures on Mathematical Study*, by J. R. Young, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—*One Hundred Original Tales for Children*, by Jos. Hilt, 12mo, 4s.—*Recollections of a French Marchioness*, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.—*Creation; a Vision of the Soul*, by a Christian Platonist, post 8vo, 5s.—*Algeria and Tunis in 1845*, by Captain J. C. Kennedy, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.—*Mylin's History of England*, 5th edit. 12mo, 4s.—*The Abbess of Minch's Narrative*, 12mo, 1s.—*Sharpe's London Magazine*, Vol. 1. r. 8vo, 4s. 6d. cloth.—T. Parker's *Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion*, post 8vo, 7s.—*Leaves from the Book of Nature*, fol. coloured, 6s. 10s. half-bd. morocco.—*The Mothers of the Wise and Good*, by J. Burns, fcp. 3s. 6d.—J. O. Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, Phrases, &c.*, Vol. 1. 8vo, 21s.—*Englishwoman's Family Library*, Vol. 11. *Ellis's Daughters of England*, fcp. 5s.—*A Concise Glossary of Terms used in Architecture*, abridged from the larger Work, 12mo, 7s. 6d.—*D'Aubigne's History of*

the Reformation, translated by White, Vol. 1. post 8vo 3s.—*Le Glaneur Français*, by J. N. Vileland, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—*European Library*, Vol. VI. *Michelet's Life of Luther*, translated by W. Hazlitt, post 8vo, 3s. 6d.—*G. Field's Synopsis of Universal Philosophy*, 3d edit. 8vo, 12s.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1846.	h.	m.	1846.	h.	m.
March 28 . . .	12	5	April 1 . . .	12	4
29 . . .	—	4	2 . . .	—	3
30 . . .	—	4	3 . . .	—	3
31 . . .	—	4			

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot undertake to write private letters to our correspondents. We are obliged by communications; but in nineteen cases out of twenty the writers must look for answers to this portion of the *Literary Gazette*.

We have this week, there being no important novelty, borrowed a little from our usual Review space to make room for the important questions involved in the present condition of several of our principal national scientific and literary institutions.

We are sorry that we cannot see our way through Dr. Orpen's plan for paying off the national debt by means of buying up and making a monopoly of all the railroads in the empire, existent and to be laid down. Like the Duke of Wellington, we repudiate having anything to do with it or railroads.

We also fear that Mr. Henry Taylor's plan for remodelling the coinage on the decimal system, with the sovereign as an integer to work upon, is beyond our elucidation or help, more than merely mentioning his little pamphlet on the subject.

Our report in the *Transactions of the Archaeological Association of Mr. Wright's exposition of the ancient Hereford map of the World*, and his history of Mapping from the earliest known dates and instances, was pretty full, though concise; for it is ever our object to convey as much information in as few words as we can (see last *Lit. Gaz.* p. 268). We nevertheless agree with our correspondent "Geographers," that the materials might be advantageously moulded and elaborated into a more complete essay. The topic has hardly been treated of, as far as we remember, and it is one of much antiquarian and general interest.—Ed. L. G.

The feeling of A. M. L. deserves more of polish, or of knowledge of construction, than are bestowed upon the compositions obligingly offered to us.

Topographical Questions in our next.

The mistake pointed out by our correspondent at Dunston is not ours, and seems hardly worth correction.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—In the *Literary Gazette* of last week there is the report of the proceedings of the Archaeological Association of the 18th March. In this report, mention is made of Mr. Wright's having exhibited a fac-simile engraving of what is known as the Hereford map, and of his elucidation of the subject. So far all is well, and we are glad to find that the said map has been engraved: but I beg leave to protest against the propriety of Mr. Wright's attributing to the Royal Geographical Society motives of which he can have no knowledge. Thus he says the Royal Geographical Society did not publish the Hereford map because "the Society thought it undeserving of publication." I am not aware what authority Mr. Wright has for making public any such assertion. The Geographical Society, fully alive to the interest of the map in question, incurred considerable expense in having a fac-simile of it made for their own library, where it is available at any time to members and their friends, or to any person who may wish to consult it for scientific purposes; and if the Society did not engrave it, the reason was not what Mr. Wright assumes it to have been, but simply that the limited funds of the Society are devoted to objects of more immediate practical utility. Mr. Pettigrew also, in closing the business of the evening, drew a parallel between the neglect with which historical monuments are treated by us and the attention paid to them abroad. We are well enough disposed to agree with Mr. Pettigrew in his observation, it meant generally; but we beg leave to observe, with regard to our present subject, that the copying of the copy of the Hereford map in the possession of the Royal Geographical Society, and the subsequent engraving of it for the Royal Library at Paris, was done at the expense of the French government, and not at that of any private society; and that but for the fac-simile belonging to the Royal Geographical Society, the permission to take a copy of which was freely granted to Mr. Jomard, the printed map exhibited with so much éclat by Mr. Wright would probably never have existed.

We have no wish to deny the interest, nor, in some cases, the importance even, of antiquarian research; but while the printing of old maps can do little more than expose our forefathers' ignorance of geographical science, the Royal Geographical Society have preferred dissipating that ignorance; and with this view have, during the short period of their existence, spent upwards of 4000*l.* in aid of exploring-expeditions, and more than 8000*l.* in disseminating information of highly national as well as scientific importance.—I am, &c., J. B. JACKSON.

LITERATURE AND ART.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, will OPEN on MONDAY, March the 30th.

Admission One Shilling.

EDWARD HASSELL, Secy.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.—The GALLERY, for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is open DAILY from TEN till FIVE.

Admission, One Shilling; Catalogue, One Shilling.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

BOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARY.
New Volumes ready, March 31st, price 3s. 6d. each.
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